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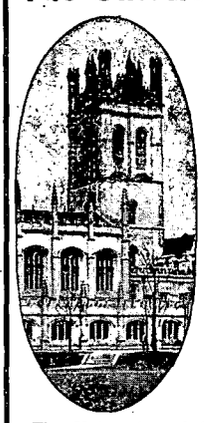

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The Nation.

NEW YORK. THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

The Week.

For entirely frank and naïve expression of his feelings at any given moment, there has probably never been a President like Mr. Taft. He was touched by the cordiality of his reception the other day at Newark, and the contrast—suggested by the chairman's reference to the newspapers—with the cold-blooded criticisms of the press found instant expression when he began to speak. Mr. Taft must know that the fault-finding to which he is subjected is but one of the inevitable incidents of his office. Moreover, he may well solace himself with the reflection that much of the misunderstanding has been due to the difference between his own handling of the press and that to which his immediate predecessor had accustomed the newspaper men and the country. Mr. Roosevelt was a past master in the art of getting whatever he wanted to make conspicuous "featured" to his heart's content in the newspapers; Mr. Taft is a man who could not play that game as Mr. Roosevelt did, and would not if he could. That his course on the tariff was a deep disappointment to the country cannot be denied, and this has had much to do with the conditions of which Mr. Taft complains; but these are also in great part due to his own indifference to little devices for securing public attention at just the right time—an indifference by no mean to his discredit, though it may be to his disadvantage.

Senator Root's letter read before the New York Senate Monday night is an able presentation of his reasons for differing from Gov. Hughes's view of the income-tax amendment. Mr. Root maintains with great force of argument and judicial citation that the amendment would not give Congress the power, if it had the will, to tax the incomes derived from tax-exempt bonds of States and municipalities. He arrives at this conclusion, however, by virtually treating the words, "from whatever source derived," as negligible. In the form as originally submitted to the Finance Committee, they did not appear, the language being: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect direct taxes on incomes, without apportionment among the several States according to population." The obvious intent was to meet the decision of the Supreme Court that an income tax was direct, and also to abrogate the existing Constitutional rule of apportionment. No one denies that the form of words chosen would have accomplished the ends desired. Unfortunately, the additional phrase was put in. Senator Root treats it as of no effect. But can he be sure that the courts will do so?

It is obviously not for a layman to thrust in his opinion on a law point. He may, however, properly state the facts as he sees them. One fact is that high Constitutional authorities and good lawyers are evidently at odds on this subject. Against Senator Root we have ex-Senator Edmunds; in opposition to Senator Borah we have Gov. Hughes, who is followed by many State Executives. In other words, there has to be admitted an uncertainty regarding what the income-tax amendment means or will be held by the courts to mean. The question is, then, whether we want a lawsuit of doubtful issue, or whether we want an indisputably safe amendment. If it is the latter we really desire, we know how to get it. All that is necessary is for Congress to turn back to the first form of words before it, and submit to the States an income-tax amendment so drawn as to relieve them of all fear that their own securities might be taxed and their credit impaired.

One act at least of Secretary Ballinger's will be warmly commended by those who believe in the conservation not only of our national resources but of scenic beauty. He has just taken steps to revoke the permit granted by Secretary Garfield to the city of San Francisco under which the famous Hetch-Hetchy valley could have been flooded and virtually destroyed in order to afford a water supply. The Secretary proceeds upon a report made to him by the Geological Survey, to the effect that an ample water supply is available to San Francisco without invading the Hetch-Hetchy, and calls upon the authorities of that city to show cause why the order of his predecessor should not be cancelled. This will bring joy to the heart of John Muir and the others who have been working incessantly to save the Hetch-Hetchy.

Of the two coal land bills for Alaska introduced by Senator Beveridge, that which provides for the leasing of the coal deposits, together with the reservation by the government of title to the surface of the land, is in closest accord with the recommendations made by the National Conservation Commission. That body laid special emphasis upon the need of separating the surface from the underlying minerals, so that homes might be made on the agricultural soils while the minerals should be developed under lease on terms that would prevent monopoly and "bring about seasonable and economical exploitation." Heretofore the known presence of coal deposits beneath agricultural lands has made it impossible to secure a home under the homestead law unless the coal was purchased; and since the surface rights go with the coal, while the miner desires the coal only, the land and the settler were foolishly fenced apart. Another example of the evils which follow upon faulty land classification is furnished by the workings of the Timber and Stone Act, under which some 12,000,000 acres have been disposed of, timber and land together, for a sum ridiculously below the value of the timber alone. A third evil, of even greater proportions, was discovered by the Department of the Interior in 1906; vast areas of coal lands were being taken up under the various non-mineral laws. The enormous waste of the public property in coal, under existing laws, has been forcibly thrust upon the attention of the country. The Alaska coal deposits should be provided with stout defences against destructive use, monopoly, and fraud.

Vardaman's defeat for the United States Senatorship is an event upon which the people of the State of Mississippi are to be heartily congratulated, even if the result carries with it the continuation of Vardaman's residence in their midst. Fortunately, such a setback is bound to react on the man's influence within the State and to limit his

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future power for harm. We say this in full consciousness of the fact that during his last year as Governor of the State, Vardaman on one or two occasions displayed commendable firmness and courage in dealing with outbreaks of the lynching spirit. Such merit, however, will not go far to redeem the mischief he has done the South and the country at large in fomenting race-hatred and that very violence which, in his official capacity, he was active in suppressing.

Jersey justice has once more vindicated its reputation for celerity, and the Trusts have been wounded in the house of their friends. The indictment found by the grand jury of Hudson County against six Chicago packing concerns, and no less than twenty-one individuals with them connected, covers the ground thoroughly; monopoly, oppression, extortion, fraud, are all in the count. Whatever be the outcome of the proceedings in court, there can be no doubt that we shall have valuable light thrown on Trust methods, Trust profits, and even Trust personalities. From Packingtown a state of some uneasiness is reported. The indicted men probably do not fear the worst, but they have full reason to fear a goodly dose of publicity and considerable bother. New Jersey, from a great convenience as an asylum for the Trusts, may become a nuisance, if at the instance of every Jersey grand jury, Trust officials may be dragged thousands of miles from home to stand trial in a State which without close acquaintance they have regarded as their natural protector.

Two of the Stock Exchange houses which were identified with the so-called "Hocking Coal pool," whose manipulation of values came to grief some weeks ago, have now been disciplined by the Stock Exchange authorities. The general facts of this now famous scandal were that, a year ago, an obscure stock, selling around 24 cents on the dollar and with wholly doubtful intrinsic value, was taken in hand by this "pool" of half a dozen Stock Exchange houses; that it was bid up, first to 60 and then to 92½; that on the 19th of January the stock broke suddenly from 88½ to 21½, and that three houses identified with the operation had to suspend. The affairs of one of these firms have subsequently come into court, and James R. Keene, a well-known professional manipulator of prices, has been compelled to testify as to his management of the "Hocking Coal pool." His testimony deepened the conviction of all experienced observers that the "pool" created the absurdly fictitious prices of last autumn through the unpleasantly familiar process of executing, on a large scale, buying and selling orders which were to all intents and purposes "matched," and hence in reality fictitious. Barely 10,000 shares of Hocking Coal were sold on the Stock Exchange in the month before the "pool" began to operate. The next month, 136,000 shares were dealt in—although, by Keene's admission, the bona-fide purchases for the pool were only 20,000—and the price was doubled in that time.

The Stock Exchange authorities have suspended the Stock Exchange members of two of these firms, and have declared the suspended members "ineligible for reinstatement." The ground on which the governors formally based both sentences is "reckless and unbusinesslike dealing," in regard to which the Exchange's constitution confers disciplinary powers. The language of the committee's report was not wholly clear as to what reckless and unbusinesslike act was thus punished. In one paragraph it appeared to be defined as the undertaking of "a task beyond their means, resulting in their failure." This scarcely touched the phase of the scandal in which the public at large was interested. Another paragraph, however, set forth that "the acts of the Stock Exchange firms in subscribing to the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron pool, ... thereby practically lending their names to this undertaking, merit severe condemnation." That has a plainer ring, though still, unfortunately, lacking in any clear specification of the real offence. But the important fact in the matter, after all, is the precedent for Stock Exchange discipline.

Litigation over the basic principles of aeroplane construction should be pushed to a final conclusion as soon as possible in the interest of progress, and herein lies an opportunity for the various aero clubs. Part of their combined energy and resources might be advantageously directed toward obtaining an early decision which shall determine once for all the status of the fundamental legal rights at issue. It would be unfortunate to prolong the grumblings of those, here and abroad, who protest that they are harassed by a combination with funds sufficient to stifle competition by means of expensive suits-at-law which cannot finally be upheld. Equally deplorable it would be to deprive any owner of a valid patent or the benefits to which, by virtue of pluck and perseverance, he may be entitled. Wireless telegraphy and the automobile industry have been hampered already too much by these basic patent contests. The future of aerial navigation, however hazy, is of such wide possible importance that it should not be interminably obscured in a legal fog.

We seem on the threshold of an epoch when, like so many Charles Surfaces, we shall be knocking down our ancestors with their own family trees. A second thundering blow at the portals of the past comes from Boston University, where some one has recalled that "the men who were considered saints a hundred years ago, would not be tolerated now; they were drunkards, many of them, and slave traders." A formidable catalogue of ancestral crimes can be drawn up by receding far enough into the storied past. What would some leading families on upper Fifth Avenue say if it were pointed out to them that their forefathers three hundred years ago ate their meat without forks, and, traced back two hundred years more, were in the habit of going to bed either in their street clothes or without clothes at all? What, indeed, can be said on behalf of a benighted, unenterprising generation like Benjamin Franklin's, which was content to creep along by stage-coach instead of taking the train, and dozed over its books by tallow-light instead of switching on the simple and convenient incandescent lamp?

It is a tradition in England, at least as old as Pitt, that coalition Governments are unpopular. That they are also very difficult may be inferred from the vacillation and lack of confident vigor with which Mr. Asquith is making his beginnings. His plans have varied from day to day, and the order of business in Parliament upon which he has finally determined is all too evi-

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dently the work of a Prime Minister whose hand has been forced by rebellious followers. The pressing needs of the Treasury are to be met by a series of makeshift resolutions, while the budget is to be put off until after the close of the fiscal year. When Lord Lansdowne urged such stop-gap financial measures upon Mr. Asquith last November, the Premier took a high tone. The Commons, he declared, could not stoop to such a compromise. If the Liberals were returned to power, their first act would be to pass the budget again without a single change. But now that programme is entirely abandoned. Yielding to the demands of the radical wing of his own party, and to the insistence of the Labor members, Mr. Asquith is to adjourn the budget, and possibly to tie it up with next year's, putting first the bill to abolish the veto of the Lords not only in finance but as respects any measure upon which the Commons have resolutely set their hearts. There will be a certain strategic advantage in this course, but even if the Government is able in that way to rally its full majority, it can hardly overcome the bad impression already made by its shuffling and timidity.

On such questions as the prosperity or distress of the masses of a nation, sidelights thrown by collateral facts are often quite as instructive as statistics seeming to bear more directly on the matter. We constantly hear nowadays of the sad condition of the English masses and the wonderful growth of the Germans in prosperity, but facts crop up every now and then which show that there must be a great deal of exaggeration in the statements. An instance in point is furnished in a report read at a recent meeting of the Royal Statistical Society by Mr. A. W. Flux, of the Board of Trade, the figures being given by him, of course, as mere statistics and without any inference such as we are making. His paper was on "Urban Vital Statistics in England and Germany," and one of its results is that the infantile death-rate in English cities is from 25 to 30 per cent. below that in German cities of equal size. This is a true statistical result, and not one of those crude inferences made from a superficial comparison of figures; it refers not to the ratio of infantile deaths to the whole population, but to the ratio of infantile deaths to the infantile population. Many other interesting statements are contained in Mr. Flux's paper, among them the fact that, in spite of the excess of the German birth-rate over the English, the number of children per family in German cities is less than in English cities of like population. But the point that we wish to make is that an infantile mortality decidedly less in English cities than in German cities is hardly compatible with the existence of a state of misery in the former and of comfort in the latter. And, indeed, the very low death-rate of London as a whole has always afforded a warning against taking without question that gloomy view of progressive deterioration in the condition of the masses of its people.

The sentencing of Gustave Hervé, the French high-priest of anti-militarism, to four years in prison on the charge of having preached sedition and murder in his paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, once more draws attention to what is undoubtedly one of the most picturesquely Quixotic personalities of our time. Gustave Hervé represents in the highest degree the Frenchman's capacity for seizing upon an idea and carrying its implications to the logically bitter end. Once this unknown schoolmaster had decided that the idea of patriotism, of fatherland, was only a device employed by the ruling classes in every country for reconciling the downtrodden to their fate or frightening them into submission, it was natural that he should make his appearance before the world by calling upon his countrymen to 'plant the national flag in the dunghill. His followers, on one occasion at least, have carried out his behests in a painfully literal spirit. But if Hervé is a fanatic, he has worked out a philosophic theory and a platform for his ideas. His influence among the French Socialists has grown steadily. At their recent congress his party lost to the more moderate Jaurès faction by only a handful of votes. His condemnation, by exalting him as a martyr, may lead to the capture of the next congress by his followers.

Prime Minister Canalejas of Spain is now about to dissolve the Cortes and appeal to the country. Unless all Spanish precedents are broken, he will come back with a majority for the Government. In Spain the Government always wins at the polls. If Señor Canalejas returns with the approval of the voters, he will first, as he explained to the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*, take up the two questions of ecclesiastical and educational reform. He will seek to come to a friendly understanding with the Vatican, but if that fails will not hesitate to proceed independently. In school matters he will demand larger appropriations for new buildings and for teachers, but will lay especial stress upon technical education, of which there is so great need of extension in Spain. Moreover, Premier Canalejas means to do something for reform of taxation, proposing to adopt the principle of taxing the unearned increment in land, and to suppress the *octroi* duties—always odious and burdensome. On the whole, we may expect interesting political developments at the hands of this democrat called to the helm by a King supposed to be devoted to absolutism and reaction.

The Russian Government has given heed to foreign intercession in behalf of an open trial for Nicholas Tchaikovsky and Catharine Breshkovsky. Cards of admission to the trial, which is to begin in a few days, are now being distributed. From the few details that have reached this country concerning the Government's case against Tchaikovsky, he appears to be in a much more favorable position than his fellow-prisoner, whose condemnation is spoken of in the dispatches as a certainty. Against Tchaikovsky, on the other hand, the prosecution seems to have waived the more serious offences contained in the preliminary indictment, and the trial may centre about the general charge of affiliation with a revolutionary party. His chances of acquittal are also improved by the decision of Madame Breshkovsky's counsel to present only a perfunctory opposition in her case, in order that all the resources of the defence may be concentrated upon the weaker of the two Government cases. It is tragic that such a sacrifice should have to be resorted to. It is perhaps not impossible that the Russian autocracy may decide to be generous at a moment when it can afford to be generous at home, and is more than usually anxious to court sympathy abroad.

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THOSE ARGENTINE SHIPS.

The fact that the contracts for two Argentine warships have been secured by an American shipbuilding company seems to be causing varied emotions in England. One embattled protectionist organ in London declares that this is the final blow to free trade. If protected shipbuilding rivals can underbid the English firms, there is nothing for the latter to do but to go in for high duties in order to be able to build cheap ships. This logic falls a little queer on English ears, no doubt, but how must it sound to Americans? For years they have been told that our higher rate of wages and better standards of living and greater cost of materials under protection effectually disable us from competing with foreign shipbuilders. It is on that basis that subsidy bill after subsidy bill has been introduced and urged in Congress. By a grant of money from the Federal Treasury the fatal handicap under which we labored in the building of ships was to be removed. But here we have an American company carrying off a contract for two Dreadnoughts at a price $900,000 below the English bids. Are we afloat or ashore when such things can happen?

How laughably wide of the mark the English neo-protectionists are in ascribing this "triumph" of ours to our system of high duties, may be seen in the fact that the effect of those high duties will be nullified, so far as possible, in the building of these Argentine ships. They will be constructed, as it were, in a bonded warehouse. Every imported article entering into them will be relieved of customs duty, since the finished product is intended for export. The battleships will be "dumped" upon Argentina. Patriotic Americans cannot have cheap ships, for that would make them feel cheap, but they can build ships cheap for the foreigner. He has not been bred to our luxurious standards, and does not fear that his national flag will droop in shame if flown at the masthead of a vessel on which needless tariff duties have not been paid.

One would think, however, that even those Americans who have been taught to thrill over their own costly products —like Mrs. Carlyle's maid-servant exclaiming in the National Gallery, "How expensive!"—would begin to have a certain suspicion of the promoters of ship bounties and subsidies after this winning of the contract for the Argentine battleships. We cannot compete without a bonus. From that assumption the whole subsidy argument starts. Yet here we are successfully competing, but where is the bonus? For a time it was denied that the ships for Argentina were to be built in this country on a strictly business basis. The cost might be higher, but in some way the thing would be made up to the Argentine government. There were hints of financial arrangements and of diplomatic guarantees. The preposterous theory was even put about that Secretary Knox had offered to protect Argentina from attack by any other nation while her ships were building, provided that the contracts for them were placed in this country. This would be a novel application of the Monroe Doctrine—noble guarding of a sister American republic on the basis of cash. But all these absurd explanations are blown away by the statement of Admiral Garcia, who signed the contracts on behalf of the Argentine government. The only reason the American bidders got the preference was that their figures were the lowest. The job did not follow the flag, but the lowest price. The fact that the Americans were able to underbid their English rivals is accounted for by the head of the Thames Iron Works, writing to the *Daily Mail*, on the ground of the existence of "powerful rings" in this country, able to "control the supply of armor and armament." But this, if true, certainly would not prove that it is protection which enables a country to build ships cheaper than under free trade.

The incident illustrates once more the way in which the obsession of the battleship maintains its hold. Argentina has to see the Brazilian navy and go it one or two better. Secretary Meyer thinks that if he could only get a 34,000-ton battleship into the water our superiority would be so clearly demonstrated that no naval power would attack us. Yet it is easy to see that if Japan should think it necessary to plan a Dreadnought of 36,000 tons, the whole Pacific Coast would at once begin to see phantom ships and we should immediately have a full-fledged "war scare" on our hands. Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, already sees such a scare in the making, and protests against the coming strain on the Treasury, which, he declares, will threaten national bankruptcy if the ambitious shipbuilding programme is carried out. His comment on the whole naval situation is forcible:

> We are at peace with all the world. There is not even a prospect of our becoming involved in war with a foreign nation. It seems almost incredible that any one would suggest the adoption of a naval programme which will involve the expenditure of more money than we have under existing revenue laws, and a policy, too, which will virtually put out of commission at least half our war vessels by making them inferior in size in comparison with those giant battleships now proposed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ANTI-TRUST LAW.

Mr. Wickersham's memory plays him false in his explanation of the origin of the anti-Trust laws. "We, like our ancestors of Revolutionary days, raised our arms by the peaceful method of legislation against a power which we perceived rising cloudlike on our economic horizon." It is impossible to say what Mr. Wickersham saw in the period preceding the passage of the anti-Trust law in 1890, nor even whether he was then taking observations for use now. But the conditions of that time are known. The enemy then was low prices, just as the enemy is now high prices. The Trusts then existent of any size could be counted on the fingers, where they are now counted by hundreds. Yet it was popular then, as now, to attack capital as the cause of hard times.—[New York *Times*.

It will be news to most people that the Trusts were attacked in 1890 because they made prices low, and it will also take something of an effort to identify that year as belonging to a period of hard times; but the particular reason for quoting this criticism of Mr. Wickersham's speech is that it involves a curious omission. The Attorney-General had just pointed out that Trust control had "not yet resulted in that absolute power which the patentees of Elizabeth possessed over the sale of salt, vinegar, and the like," and he proceeded as follows:

> But, mindful that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and, in Webster's immortal phrase, "While actual suffering was yet afar off" we, like our ancestors of Revolutionary days, raised our arms by the peaceful method of legislation against a power which we perceived rising cloudlike on our economic horizon. We saw the rapid concentration of power over our great industries in a few hands, a power which no free State can long suffer to endure; the power of fixing prices at will, determining the amount of production, dictating the terms on which thousands of our fellow countrymen might pursue their means of livelihood; the power to exclude or to permit competition; all the elements of those monopolies which so stirred the

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generation of Englishmen from whom the Pilgrim Fathers came.

So far, then, from Mr. Wickersham's memory playing him false, he was mindful of the exact conditions under which the Sherman act was passed; the conditions of a time when the number of formidable Trusts was indeed small, but when the elements existed of precisely those grievances, precisely those offences against economic liberty, which, in these later years, have so seriously engaged the attention of the whole nation. Above all is his parallel with the action of our Revolutionary ancestors justified; and the less the "actual suffering" experienced in 1890, the truer is the analogy. The fight against the British taxes was against the principle of them, and its intensity was never proportioned to the burden they imposed on the colonists.

It is not necessary to rest upon impressions or conjectures in order to determine the spirit that actuated the framers and supporters of the anti-Trust bill. The preservation of competition was then, as now, the object of its advocates. In his speech in support of the bill, Mr. Sherman used language precisely in key with that of Mr. Wickersham's speech. So far from objecting to the Trusts because they overdid competition, he dwelt on the benefits of legitimate corporate activity in cheapening production. "Corporations," he said, "tend to cheapen transportation, lessen the cost of production, and bring within the reach of millions comforts and luxuries formerly enjoyed by thousands." But he went on to say that enterprise and capital had not been "satisfied with partnerships and corporations competing with each other, and have invented a new form of combination commonly called Trusts," "the sole object" of which is "to make competition impossible." These combinations, he declared, "already defy or control powerful transportation corporations and reach State authorities"; and if Congress is unable or unwilling to deal with them, "there will soon be a Trust for every production and a master to fix the price for every necessity of life." Nowhere in the speech is there any attempt to estimate the harm done by those combinations in dollars and cents, either by cutting prices for the purpose of destroying competition, or by raising prices after competition has been destroyed. The tyranny of monopoly is the centre and substance of the whole plea. "If we will not endure a king as a political power, we should not endure a king over the production, transportation, and sale of any of the necessaries of life"; and what the bill sought to declare unlawful under the Federal statutes is "unlawful by the code of any civilized nation of ancient or modern times."

From that day to this, there has been no change in the animating spirit of the fight against monopoly. There have been, of course, excesses and aberrations; and there have been times when the idea of manifest destiny, which always finds ready acceptance by multitudes of our people, has seemed to prevail over any purpose of sturdy resistance. But the main line of the fight has been the same throughout; and never has its purpose or its method been so firmly or clearly outlined as in the present Administration. Mr. Roosevelt kept public interest alive by the ardor of his attacks, the appealing quality of his moral exhortations, and the spectacular interest of his own personality; but he played sadly into the hands of the enemy with his doctrine of good and bad Trusts. The distinction that he was understood to draw, and that he doubtless meant to draw, was the distinction between a Trust that imposed burdensome prices on the community and one that exercised moderation; but on no such issue can a great public policy be permitted to rest. Not the apparent immediate fruits of the doings of a given corporation, but the inherent and permanent consequences to be expected from the toleration of its methods, must be the test by which the law shall decide whether its acts are to be permitted or forbidden. The distinctive development of the past year has been the remarkable sharpening of this issue, both through the decisions of courts and through the utterances of the Executive. And on a clear issue of principle the country can be depended on for a kind and degree of support which no mere balancing of real or pretended gains and losses, however plausible, can command.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND ITS PENSION SYSTEM.

The Fourth Annual Report of the President and Treasurer of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, published this week, covers a number of matters of unusual interest. The functions that have come to be exercised by this institution in relation to the educational system of the country are so important that both the spirit in which they are performed and the details of the actual conduct of the Foundation give occasion for serious thought. In the present instance, the most noteworthy points discussed are the principles governing the inclusion or retention of institutions in the "Accepted List" of the Foundation, and the change that has been made in the rules governing the bestowal of pensions. This change has been the occasion of not a little adverse criticism, and deserves to be taken up in some detail.

The primary fact in regard to the change in the Foundation's system is that, while pensions at the age of sixty-five are to be given as before, and indeed with some additional liberality, pensions based simply on twenty-five years' service as a professor are no longer to be granted. The rule originally promulgated on the subject, and in force until a few months ago, declared that "any person who has had a service of twenty-five years as a professor, and who is at the time a professor in an accepted institution, shall be entitled to a retiring pension computed as follows," the remainder of the rule being a statement of a purely arithmetical character. The new rule, adopted by the trustees at their annual meeting on November 17, 1909, substitutes for this the following:

> Any person who has had twenty-five years of service as a professor or thirty years of service as professor and instructor, and who is at the time either a professor or an instructor in an accepted institution, shall, in the case of disability unfitting him for the work of a teacher as proved by medical examination, be entitled to a retiring allowance computed as follows.

It will be seen from this that, except in case of serious disability, twenty-five years' service as professor no longer entitles a member of a college or university faculty to a Carnegie pension.

This revision of the rules opens up two questions of wholly distinct character—first, the ethical propriety of making such a change, as affecting persons who have based expectations on the rule as originally promulgated four years ago, and, secondly, the desirability of the

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new rule as compared with the old, taken in itself.

On this latter point, much interesting light is thrown by the report. The discussion, marked by an acuteness of thought and skill in expression which characterize the report as a whole, might be taken as an instructive exhibit of the complexity of the consequences that flow from any important innovation in human affairs. On the purely fiscal side of the case—the question of the amount of pecuniary strain which the carrying out of the original rule was imposing on the Foundation—the long and the short of the matter seems to be that a gross miscalculation was made; but of the incidental consequences, some were such as could not easily have been foreseen. As the result of an inquiry addressed to each of the professors who have thus far availed themselves of the service pension, it appears that a considerable proportion were either expressly or virtually forced out by the college administration, and this fact seems to have made a great impression on the president of the Foundation. "It has been urged," he says, "that one of the benefits of the Foundation consists in the opportunity thus afforded the colleges to get rid of teachers who have worn out their usefulness, or who have lost interest. Whatever there may be in this claim, it is evident that it is more than counterbalanced by the opportunity which is thus opened to bring pressure to bear on the teacher, or by the tendency of the teacher assured of a retiring allowance to become ultra-critical toward the administration. The situation is not a good one either from the standpoint of academic freedom or of academic contentment. Furthermore, it is no part of the function of a retiring allowance system to care for the disagreements of college life. These are problems of administration." Whether the abuses of the system or its benefits would have proved the more weighty is a question of judgment, and the presumption is that the conclusion deliberately arrived at by President Pritchett in this regard is justified by the facts.

The ethical question involved in the change, however, stands on quite a different basis. We do not find that anything in the report breaks the force of the criticisms made in the letters that have appeared in the *Nation*, one from Professor Lovejoy of the University of Missouri, the other from Professor Weeks of Columbia. Nothing could be clearer or more unqualified than the statement in the original rule that professors of twenty-five years' service were "entitled" to the pensions. There is no telling in what degree the plans of professors and of colleges, for the past four years, have been based on the well-grounded expectation that this promise would be carried out. It is true that the Foundation gave notice that its rules might be modified "in such manner as experience may indicate as desirable"; nobody can charge it with breach of contract. But to abolish completely, at a stroke, without notice, one of the cardinal features of the system is not the sort of thing that anybody had the slightest reason to expect.

Dr. Pritchett says that "the expectation that this rule would be taken advantage of almost wholly on the ground of disabilities has proved to be ill-founded"; but if this is meant as a defence against the charge of want of good faith, it betrays a misty notion of the nature of moral obligations. If disability was meant to be the basis from the beginning, nothing would have been easier than to say so; if it was not, then it was absolutely honorable, right, and proper for any man to avail himself of the retiring allowance offered him without reference to any question of disability. If an error was made in the first place, rectify it by all means; but first stand by the consequences of your error, to the extent demanded by the ordinary standards of honorable conduct between man and man. An absolutely essential requirement of a properly constituted university pension system is that it shall not place upon the professor any sense of obligation other than what is inevitable and inherent in such a system; he must feel that he has earned his pension, just as he has earned his salary, by his past services. If to retire under a pension is to mean to retire under a censorship, the Carnegie Foundation may conduce to the material comfort, but will certainly not conduce to the dignity or the self-respect, of the profession of university teaching. And, to come back to the main point, the homely obligation of fulfilling in a reasonable measure substantial expectations that have been raised by one's own declared intentions is a duty antecedent even to the high purposes to which the Carnegie Foundation is dedicated.

KIND WORDS AND SIMPLE FAITH.

There must be many people in New York, of those that travel by subway, "L," or surface car, and no doubt travellers in other cities, who are going about their work these days under the weight of considerable anxiety regarding the present state of Mr. Irving Bacheller's health. The author of "Eben Holden" and "Vergilius" is himself responsible for the prevailing uneasiness. Over his own signature he has caused to be widely advertised a statement to the effect that he had recently tried to make his way through life without his regular copy of a certain weekly publication which we may designate as the *Reader's Guide*, and had found, to use Mr. Bacheller's own phrase, that he was "only half alive." From the buoyant tone which characterizes the rest of the statement, we gather that Mr. Bacheller speedily abandoned his foolhardy experiment, and that he is now consequently enjoying the best of health and spirits. But while this is a matter for sincere congratulation, what guarantee have our author's admirers against the recurrence of conditions calculated to reduce his vitality by one-half? What would happen if one week's copy of the *Guide* should go astray in the mails? Worse still, fancy Mr. Bacheller lost in the depths of his favorite Adirondacks and by mischance deprived of his copy for two or three weeks at a stretch. Would the effect on his health be cumulative, or would it be only the first blow that counted? We shudder to think of such a contingency as a strike on the *Reader's Guide*.

It is a disconcerting topic that we fain would leave, but cannot. Anxious thoughts will come. There is, for instance, the reflection that, besides the *Reader's Guide*, Mr. Bacheller's reading must cover a pretty wide field. We have no doubt he likes his Shakespeare and his Milton. We are sure that he is a loving student of the Bible. The homely wisdom that falls from the mouth of his simple characters suggests a fair acquaintance with the classic moralists, with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, with Carlyle and Ruskin. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Bacheller could be deprived of any one of these books

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without a corresponding decrease in his general vitality. We call up the dread hypothesis of Mr. Bacheller's being deprived of all his reading at one swoop, as, for instance, by a telegram from his publisher requesting him to catch a midnight train for New York. Our author's physical condition as he boards the train may perhaps be best represented in tabular form:

Book Missed.	Loss of Vitality.
The Reader's Guide	50 per cent.
The Bible	12 per cent.
Shakespeare	10 per cent.
Milton, Pope, Carlyle, Ruskin	8 per cent.
Emerson	10 per cent.
Thoreau, Whitman, etc.	8 per cent.

Our readers need only add up the column of figures for themselves to find out in what a pitiful state Mr. Bacheller will arrive to do business with his publisher.

Under such circumstances, perhaps it is best to hope that the *Reader's Guide* is not so essential to Mr. Bacheller's continued welfare as in his exuberant kindliness he has made it out to be, but that our author has only yielded to the fast-spreading national habit of speaking about our likes and dislikes with a hurrah. We confess that we find it hard to accept it in its universal manifestations. What does Mr. Lincoln Steffens mean by saying of a certain contemporary series of useful political articles, that "on my knees, if I could, I would beg the people of this country to read ————'s story"? Mr. Steffens knows well enough that the people of this country, whom he has served so well in his capacity as militant journalist, would be very much surprised to see him in an attitude of genuflection, and would probably snicker, even as some of them do at the mere expression of Mr. Steffens's melodramatic intentions. We are face to face here with an old subject—the emotionalism of the unemotional Anglo-Saxon. Is it true that when we once let go of our traditional reserve we are in danger of slopping over? Is it characteristic of our people that when father and son meet after long years of separation they shall content themselves with clasping hands, but that when the same father's endorsement is requested for a new breakfast food he shall write, "Dear Sirs: I have used Leguminosa for a year and can only say this: If your wife and children refuse to have Leguminosa in the house, leave your wife and children."

Now, emotionalism is, in very many ways, a desirable and beautiful trait. But emotion, to be tolerable, must have at least one of two qualities, sincerity and propriety. Frenchmen, as we generally believe, are apt to go off at half-cock over trifles; but at least there is no denying the genuine nature of the psychic storm while it lasts. The best emotionality has both sincerity and fitness: such is the spirit of a Civil War and a French Revolution. The worst thing imaginable is an inherently stolid person breaking out into a hurrah over an absurd and inadequate object. The man looks awkward and should feel awkward; if he does not, it is because he is an extremely sophisticated person instead of a highly emotional one. The author of the "Reflections of a Bachelor" some years ago wrote of a new book he was pleased with that "when you cut the pages, they bleed." How a man of such high-powered susceptibility ever remained a bachelor after the age of twenty-one, is almost impossible to comprehend.

Kindliness, optimism, the desire to say a good word for somebody or something, the national inclination to "boost" and not to "knock," are admirable virtues. But the virtues must always keep a weather-eye open for the sense of the ridiculous. For instance, if it were John Keats or David Copperfield instead of the *Reader's Guide* that Mr. Bacheller could only half live without, we should feel much better about it.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"George Meredith as a Publisher's Reader" is the title of an article by B. W. Matz, connected with the house of Chapman & Hall, which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* for August last, and which was noticed at the time in some of the American papers.

For many years Meredith was literary adviser or manuscript reader to Chapman & Hall. Once or twice a month parcels of authors' manuscripts were sent to him, accompanied by a list of the titles, numbered, with three or four inches of blank space below in which he was to write his criticism or opinion as to the literary or more primarily the commercial value of the manuscript. A number of these sheets, comprising upwards of three hundred pages, containing reports on more than a thousand manuscripts, has come to New York and lies before us. The earliest list is dated February 5, 1886, and the latest December 2, 1893. Mr. Matz states that in the earliest days the criticisms were written into a blank book in the publishers' office by Meredith himself.

If these sheets exhibited all the manuscripts submitted to Meredith (and they seem to be virtually complete for the period covered), either the quality of literary material was extremely poor or Meredith was a most critical critic. Indeed, as we read these criticisms the most interesting feature of the lists is the large number of ways in which he is able to present an adverse decision. On the list sent September 24, 1890, he has written "A List of MSS. to cause despair." And on the list dated January 24, 1890, "Not one to be recommended."

Of the following piquant, short criticisms a few only were quoted by Mr. Matz in his *Fortnightly* article: "The authoress cannot write. I have rarely worked at any MSS. so absurdly crude." "Shallowest of stories: & same of the style, which however has the merit of flowing." "Written by a man of simple mind with a juvenile vocabulary." "The style of the writing provokes laughter when it is not weariness." "The grammar, spelling & style may be excused on the plea of craziness. That is patent." "I should think it would be rejected by farming magazines." "Very pretty writing, but it has no substance either in story or character." "Worn and old style of autobiography—verbiage—nothing graphic—poor incidents." "Mainly done in dialogue in the female tongue." "Their burglar dialogue would damn any book." "The lady cannot write and she twaddles with her story." "As impossible for acceptance as a book can be." "Might gain a prize for dullness."

Sometimes the authors asked for advice and such requests were sent on to Meredith. The following are a few specimens of his notices of such manuscripts: "A little above the present average, but hopelessly dull, and the writing is poor. The authoress asks for criticism. There is no bringing it to bear upon work on so low a level. She should read for another year before trying her hand at a fresh story." "He asks for the reasons of rejecting of his MS. But one could not furnish them without offending. The work, by comparison with what is required of a novelist in these days is infantile." "The writer asks to be counselled. He should make a study of epistolary composition before embarking on it."

Of "Squire Hentail," by John Countryman, he wrote: "This would not be read. But the writer has a certain latent cleverness, and should be encouraged." Of "Ella Carthew," by Miss Kent: "Thin, very gentle and delicate writing, next to no story. Pray speak kindly to the author, in strong expressions of regret, etc. She writes flowingly, she is remarkable for good feeling. Her requirement is in strength of tone and in a tale to tell." Of "At Love's Brim," by Bernard E. J. Capes: "Will not do at all. There is a faint indication of ability for better in time, and with discipline. The author seems to be afflicted with excessive self-consciousness."

Authors submitting manuscripts to publishers may benefit by some of Meredith's comments on the handwriting and condition of manuscripts: "MS. sent in confusion of pages. I have read a part backward, a part forward, enough to assure me of the prolonged feebleness of the work." "The MS. is a specimen of wonderful and terrible orthography. I have spellt a short

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way through it, but stopped to save my sight. It seemed to me that the matter is commonplace." "MS. looking as a survival of a dozen shipwrecks."

Poetry was generally turned down with slight comment. Volumes of verse financially worth publishing have not been offered in recent years. The following are some of Meredith's criticisms: "The verse is often musical, but has not substance enough to attract the public. There is no public for poetical matter short of first-rate, or cleverly made to resemble it." "It is not verse. The deficiency in sense is naked of that clothing. And yet it is not prose." "The writer has no knowledge of verse." Of "A Ramble in Rhyme": "Rhyme—but a drunken shamble for metre. Sketches good."

Of "The Cruise of the Juno," by F. William, the publishers wrote, "Author is willing to pay for production." Meredith says: "Harmless. The writer is, we will say, careless of spelling and indifferent as to his English; in fact, he can barely write. But the printer's reader might assist. He has no ideas. If published, let it be as privately as possible." Of "The Chumplebunnys," by Beatty Kington, he wrote: "I do not know what to say. Personally I have no taste for this humor of the preceding generations, which is built on the doings of imbeciles worthy of their names for absurdity. But I am bound to add that our public still welcomes it—and the author is clever—and he has a following." Of one of "Carmen Sylva's" volumes of stories: "The Queen 'Carmen Sylva' has ambition and flatterers. But not even a Queen can make the English swallow these tales—and even good work would have no chance in such a translation." Of a book by C. Hannon: "The author at one moment doubted whether he should continue it, and disobeyed the wise monition. There is no public for it. Such works are the issue of undigested thoughts." Of "The Old Parliamentary Hand," author not given, he says: "A skit on Gladstone. A sort of kicking of the dead lion. Gladstone at present is dead for all purposes of satire," etc. Of "A Flight to Florida," by Mrs. M. E. V. Creagh, he says: "The authoress offers to 'eat her best bonnet' if one does not laugh at her humor. I could not."

Correspondence.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are still a few questions, besides the proper nurture of children and the merits of Dr. Eliot's pentapodal culture, about which the educated man reserves the privilege of a personal opinion. One of these is the teaching of English. The once very general belief that "anybody can teach English" has, in recent years, given place to the belief that nobody can teach English, and this, in its turn, is now yielding to the belief that anybody can teach the proper method of teaching English. A symposium of all the suggestions that have been offered by those who do not teach English would make a merry book for the English instructor, and a valuable one for the progressive college president.

The latest suggestion of this kind (by W. F. in the *Nation*, December 30), is concerned with the "unsolved problem" of teaching English composition. The argument is somewhat as follows: If the student has nothing to say, it is impossible to teach him to say it well. He should be required to find, not a "meaning for his expression," but an "expression for his meaning," since "meanings are born and not made." Therefore let the English instructor content himself with those meanings (in history or physics or philosophy) which the student already has. An old examination paper or essay in any department will best serve the purpose, "for there is no more profitable exercise for the practical or artistic ends of composition, than to take something you have already tried to say, and said badly, and say it again, so as perfectly to express your meaning."

This is epigrammatic, and part of it, at least, is sound psychology. But closer scrutiny shows the reasoning to be fallacious, the remedy impracticable. If meanings are, indeed, born and not made, whence came the student's meanings in history or physics or philosophy? Are there innate ideas about Pragmatism, fluorescence, and the Diet of Worms? If not, why may not the student acquire "meanings" in those subjects which the English instructor is supposed to know something about? Is it true that the tactful teacher of English fails more signally than other teachers to arouse in the student a genuine impulse to express a meaning of interest and worth? Is it safe to assume that in history or physics or philosophy the student more frequently has meanings that are ripe for expression? Would anything short of omniscience suffice for the task of teaching the student "perfectly to express" what he meant to say about any subject in the college curriculum? Would it be possible to conduct a systematic course of composition and rhetoric that was dependent upon such an intermittent and heterogeneous subject matter?

Until satisfactory answers can be found for all these questions, let us give over the search for fanciful remedies and face the facts. College English is bad, incredibly, intolerably bad. Why? There is an unbroken circle of causation of which the lay critic seems wholly or partly ignorant. Bad English is bred in the bone of the average American boy. He hears bad English at home and at school; he reads it in the newspapers and the cheaper magazines. He studies grammar at an age when he should be taught elementary composition, and composition and literature alone when he should also be taught grammar. In the high school his teacher is always overworked and frequently half-trained. When he enters college his education in English has reached the half sophisticated stage of "Give it to John and I." His interests are incredibly narrow; his ignorance, apart from football, is impartial and catholic. The "unsolved problem" that confronts the college instructor is a heterogeneous class of thirty such boys, the unchallenged product of "affiliated" schools. He does what he can with them in one short year, "fails" as many as college tradition will permit, and passes the rest on to graduate, and, if they teach, to perpetuate in the high schools the conditions which he is powerless to change.

If this rapid sketch be approximately true, it is clear that the search for new remedies is worse than futile. The teacher of English understands this and plods on; the impatient critic is sure that the "solution of the problem" depends upon the discovery of some novel and brilliant "method." There is but one remedy, so obvious and commonplace that no one has the hardihood to propose it. Place at the head of the department of rhetoric a forceful man who does not aspire to become a professor of literature; give him an adequate corps of trained assistants, not a job lot of transient tyros whose compelling recommendation is their cheapness; let him have a free hand in fixing the requirements for entrance, unhampered by the politics of affiliated schools, and an equally free hand in setting the standard of excellence in his courses. Then let the other members of the faculty give him their moral support, according to their lights, by making it clear to the student that the requirements of the rhetoric department are not whimsical, but essential to success in every department of study.

To this plan there are only three fatal objections: it is unoriginal, unpopular, and costly.

R. D. Miller.

Columbia, Mo., February 21.

THE DECAY OF EMPIRES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To those who are watching with the deepest interest the destiny of England, and who cannot help wondering whether her imperial glory, threatened by foes without and dissensions within, may not be on the verge of decay, the following lines of D'Avenant, written about 1630, must have a certain significance. Whether prophetic or not, they have a large sweep of poetry. The Duke (in "The Cruel Brother," ii, 1) speaks first of the French:

> Fruit that is ripe
> Is prone to fall, or to corrupt itself.
> According to the age of Monarchies,
> They now are fully ripe: they reach
> The height and top of mortal faculties.
> Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
> Of her own youth. The English want
> Three hundred years of that perfection.
> And as the moon ne'er changes but i' th' full,
> Even so the mighty nations of the earth
> Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
> And rugged discipline to vain delights,
> Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
> Their battles fierce to duels splenative,
> Or witty quarrels of the pen.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., February 23.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND SECTARIANISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before agreeing with those who condemn the Carnegie Foundation for encouraging the colleges to leave sectarian boundaries, it might be well to consider what sectarianism does for us.

Among its effects may fairly be reckoned the lack of moral and religious teaching in the public schools. Each sect says to this question: "My faith or none!" and all work together to resist any efforts that may be made in that direction. But to the lack of such teaching must be laid in part the great excess of crime in our country compared with that in other civilized nations.

After all, why have the theological beliefs of any one any more vital relation to religion proper, or, let us say, to right living or to worship, than his theory in regard

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to the constitution of matter, or the nature of electricity? The physical as well as the moral world is the work of the Creator, and why should the one any more than the other be a field for dogmatism or intolerance? I have my own theological beliefs, as tenaciously held as any one's, but why should I not be willing to suppress them in public, as I do my political and scientific and other beliefs, for the sake of meeting my differently minded fellows, for benevolent and moral purposes, and even for the purpose of worship of the same Creator? If it is our Christian duty to love our enemies, we certainly ought to be equal to uniting without quarrelling with those of different beliefs, who not only are not enemies, but, in a different way, are striving for the same ideals.

The world do move, but it cannot be hurried. Yet is it possible that we cannot yet see that perfect tolerance is Christianity, and that nothing less is true Christianity?

There may have been a time when sectarianism accomplished something for the world. Now it seems to me wholly evil. If there is anything good to be said for it, I should like to hear it.

R. MOWRY BELL.

Princeton, N. J., February 14.

JARED BEAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have too much reverence for the memory of Jared Bean (some time curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians), and too much respect for the *Nation*, to ask you to lend your columns to any controversy about Bean himself. Yet my copy of the *Nation*, which has just arrived, contains a letter from Miss Helen E. Haines which tends to throw doubt upon the compiler of "The Old Librarian's Almanack."

If this were the first of such occurrences, I might remain silent. But, when an anonymous correspondent in the Boston *Transcript* seeks to transfer Jared Bean to Pennsylvania, and to give him descendants in the shape of two living writers on fishes (why fishes?); when the New York *Sun* endeavors to connect him with a "Rev. Calabar Bean of East Haddam, Conn." (who probably is purely fictitious); when other persons have suggested his relationship to Mrs. Veal of Canterbury; and still others have made irrelevant and childish allusions to "Jared and the Bean's Talk"—when all these things happen, it hardly becomes one who is, in a sense, the literary executor of Mr. Bean to say nothing in his defence.

I shall not attempt any detailed proof of the obvious fact that Jared Bean existed. I am perfectly sensible of the compliment which Miss Haines's letter indirectly conveys, but I have read "The Giant's Robe," and I know that it is wiser to be content with the simple fame of the antiquarian and bibliographer than to snatch laurels from the silent dead. I wish merely to refute two of Miss Haines's assertions, and mention two bits of evidence tending to establish Jared Bean more firmly in the estimation of all lovers of the past.

Jared Bean was not related to Sairey Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. Moreover, he never married. This is beyond question, and I challenge Miss Haines to produce one iota of reliable evidence to prove that he did marry.

On July 24, 1907, a few months only after the death of Nathaniel Cutter, Esq., I made a quotation from "The Old Librarian's Almanack" in The Librarian column of the Boston *Transcript*. It passed unnoticed at the time, but on February 26, 1908, I quoted the book again, as a contribution to a discussion of "the old-fashioned librarian" then raging in the *Dial*. It was instantly recognized by one of the participants, who replied that he had "repeatedly read the passage quoted again by the *Transcript*" (see the *Dial*, March 16, 1908). I presume, of course, that he had access to the copy of the "Almanack" owned by Dr. Morris Kimball of St. Louis. Further references to the matter can be found in the *Dial* of April 16, 1908. What will your correspondent say to this?

Furthermore, although Jared Bean left no descendants, his colleague, Enoch Sneed, had a niece, who in due time inherited certain trinkets which her uncle had treasured for many years. One of these, a snuff-box which belonged to Mr. Bean, contained a lock of that gentleman's hair. It is now in the possession of the Hon. Horatio N. Sneed of New Haven. It bears the initials "J. B." on its cover. Mr. Sneed has informed me that it will come to me on his decease. I shall, of course, turn it over to the Newburyport Antiquarian Society, where it may be inspected by all—believers and unbelievers. EDMUND L. PEARSON.

Newburyport, Mass., February 24.

"WAMMS" AND "WARMUS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 10, "E. V. M." in suggesting an origin for the term "cuss" speaks of the fact that men in rural communities use the word "wammus" without ever suspecting that it probably came to us from the German "Wamms." How completely the origin of this word has been lost sight of I have had occasion to notice repeatedly in western Indiana. Although "wammus" and "wampus" (and "jimmy-slinger") are the forms usually heard, one frequently hears "warmus"; and those who thus pronounce the word regard it as a compound of "warm" and "us."

ROLLO W. BROWN.

Crawfordsville, Ind., February 19.

VIDEO MELIORA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. Axon, in the *Nation* of February 17, evidently assumes, like his New England poetess, that Horace wrote the famous lines: "Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor." If a list were to be made of those who have given Horace the credit of this passage, which has the stamp of his style though the sentiment is not Horatian, Mr. Axon would find himself in distinguished company. For instance, the late Prof. Lewis Campbell, a scholar of the first rank, made the same slip in his "Tragic Drama" (1905). It was, of course, Ovid who, in the "Metamorphoses" (vii, 20), gave us the picture of Medea debating the conflicting claims of love and duty:

> Sed gravat invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido
> Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora proboque
> Deteriora sequor.

Take the quotation from its context, and it is Horace's trick of phrase and will still seem his to the general reader. Just so nine people out of ten will turn to the Bible for the reference to the wind and the shorn lamb.

WILMER CAVE WRIGHT.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., February 19.

Literature.

THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY.

The Promise of American Life. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This is an eminently notable book. It is one of the best examples in recent years of a long-sustained flight in the region of realistic philosophical politics. The amplitude of discourse which the author allows himself is fairly warranted by the profoundity of his analysis. His eventual programme is one of extensive State Socialism, but he appraises justly the indispensability of individual initiative and the value of individual distinction.

The title of the book may direct attention to the author's point of departure, but it does not indicate the book's central theme. The real theme is two-fold. There is, first, a disclosure of the bankruptcy of our political theorizing in the past, when a vital national problem like slavery could be solved only by a courageous doctrine which shattered the sacred formulas of all political creeds. There is, secondly, an application of what the author regards as an adequate political theory to the baffling questions in whose toils we now writhe. The first, or historical, part is conceived and executed with penetration and ability; the second, or constructive, part is more vulnerable.

Mr. Croly begins by pointing out quite truly that Americans have commonly entertained the conviction that a better future awaits their country, a future to come about *automatically* by adherence to traditional policies. This better future is conceived to include widespread economic prosperity, and plentiful economic opportunity, as well as political freedom and equality. The conditions which for a time worked to this end—the abundance of free soil and immunity from foreign foes—have altered rapidly of late years. For the future, we must abandon hope in automatic melioration, and must substitute conscious effort to realize social improvement. The distribution of wealth must be made to conform to the interests of the whole society, and the national ideal must embrace higher ends—social and moral—rather than confine itself to economic prosperity for the individual, if the "Promise" is to be fulfilled. To this preliminary overture there is no exception to be taken.

The only adequate political creed, ac-

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cording to the author, includes two essential points. There must be a realization of the end to be sought, the establishment of a true democracy. There must also be employed to this end a strong responsible government consciously bent on a process of "constructive discrimination" to attain the democratic ideal. He shows conclusively that neither the Hamiltonian nor the Jeffersonian theory sufficed for both of these purposes. Hamilton, it is true, endowed the central government with substantial power to act in the national interest. But Hamilton distrusted democracy. He buttressed property rights in the Constitution, so as to make them invulnerable to popular attack or control. Jefferson in this point alone shines by contrast, for Jefferson trusted the people. But Jefferson's fatal error was that he made "faith in the people equivalent to a profound suspicion of responsible official leadership" (p. 170). Jefferson sought "an essentially equalitarian and even socialistic result, by means of an essentially individualistic machinery." In his mind, "democracy was tantamount to extreme individualism" (p. 43). Thus throughout our whole political history, until 1861, effectual political power was used only for equipping the national government with adequate authority and was exerted only in behalf of privileged classes. The adherents of Jefferson consigned themselves to virtual impotence by forswearing the employment of the essential means to benefit the people as a whole. Not until slavery had become the dominant issue was the sterility of our political thinking realized. Here Mr. Croly mercilessly dissects the programme of the Whigs, the Democrats, the advocates of Squatter Sovereignty, the slave-owners, and the abolitionists. The last come in for castigation by reason of their separatist tendencies and their natural-rights philosophy. Of this philosophy he declares: "Of all perverted conceptions of democracy, one of the most perverted and dangerous is that which identifies it exclusively with a system of natural rights" (pp. 80-87). In Lincoln, he finds the first responsible American statesman to proclaim "that American nationality" is "a living principle rather than a legal bond." In Lincoln's attitude upon slavery, he discerns the concrete exemplification of the fundamental requisite of political theory—the purposeful and conscious use of national power for realizing essentially democratic ends.

There is not a little that is novel in this review of our past political history. The concession that from the standpoint of legal tradition, secession by the South had more in its favor than coercion by the North will doubtless provoke denial. But Mr. Croly handles his case with power. Moreover, his point is the stronger in that he upholds enthusiastically the North's attempt to put its nationalistic interpretation upon the Constitution. In a general way, the marshalling of the facts of our past political history in the light of the Jeffersonian and the Hamiltonian prepossessions of our politicians is discriminatingly done.

The contemporary situation is depicted as mainly due to the economic and constitutional changes that followed quickly upon the civil war. In commerce the business specialist, the "Captain of Industry," promptly appeared. Almost simultaneously the political specialist, "the Boss," emerged. Absorption in exceptional commercial opportunities explains the former; the necessity for political power and responsibility in the States explains the latter; and each accelerated the other's growth. There can be no doubt of the keenness of Mr. Croly's analysis upon this point. In the various commonwealths the new Constitutions under the stress of the Jeffersonian distrust of government had exalted the check and balance system. The executive, the legislative, and the judicial departments had been so divorced from one another that they each and all lost "genuine independence and efficiency." The more "democratic these Constitutions became, the more clearly the Democracy showed its disposition to distrust its own representatives, and to deprive them of any chance of being genuinely representative" (p. 119). This paralysis of the constitutional depositories of power created the opportunity for "the Boss." The corporation chief wanted some one with whom he could "do business" in franchises, in legislation, in administration. The man needed was found in the man who dictated nominations from the outside, to wit, the Boss.

This, according to Mr. Croly's analysis, is the heart of the situation to-day, and, according as the difficulty is or is not realized, the various reforming movements will succeed or fail. "The plain fact is that the traditional American political system, which so many good reformers wish to restore by some sort of reforming revivalism," is in reality "responsible for the existing political and economic abuses . . ." (p. 141). "Reform exclusively as a moral protest and awakening is condemned to sterility. . . . Reform must necessarily mean an intellectual as well as a moral challenge" (p. 150), and "no leading reformer has sought to give reform its necessary foundation of positive political principle" (p. 153).

The most piquant part of the volume is found in the succeeding section which tries the "star" reformers by the canon just enunciated. Bryan, Hearst, Jerome, and Roosevelt are successively brought before the bar. The Jeffersonian tradition of distrust of government condemns the first three to incoherence and virtual impotence. Bryan's sentence is mitigated by acknowledgment of his genuine patriotism and his many admirable personal qualities; Jerome's candor and plain speaking are offset against his fiasco; "Hearst and Hearstism" are pronounced "a living menace to the orderly process of reform and to American national integrity," and his "methods of agitation and his popular catchwords" are declared to be "an ingenious adaptation of Jefferson to the needs of political yellow journalism" (p. 164). Mr. Roosevelt is allowed to have revived "the Hamiltonian ideal of constructive national legislation" and to have evinced a thoroughgoing and absolute devotion to "the national and to the democratic ideals"; but to have "done little to encourage candid and consistent thinking" beyond preaching the paramount duty of being "a sixty-horsepower moral motor car" (p. 170).

The author next fetches a very wide compass in chapters 8, 9, and 10, intended to show what he regards as the inseparable connection between democracy and nationality. For Socialism of the international or cosmopolitan type he has no use. The appraisal of the Monroe Doctrine is made with unmistakable penetration. That its eventual maintenance may spell war rather than peace is rather a remarkable concession. For Mr. Croly has little or no faith in international disarmament, as is evident from his cold-blooded remark that "in America, as in Europe, the road to any permanent international settlement will be piled mountain-high with dead bodies . . ." (p. 307). But these chapters constitute a rather irrelevant excursus in his general argument, and their result is inconclusive.

When, finally, he attempts the problems of reconstruction, he has put behind him either an individualistic or a provincial democracy in favor of a national policy to be realized eventually by aggressive action. His sanity of judgment, however, does not desert him here. Instead of reshaping the Federal Constitution at once, he would alter the arrangements of State Constitutions. He is undoubtedly right in thinking that to the State Executive should be given a greater share of responsibility and power. Mr. Croly would permit the Governor to submit legislation to the State Legislature. "The best reform legislation now enacted usually originates in executive mansions" (p. 331). In case the Governor's measures are not accepted by the Legislature, Mr. Croly would arrange for an appeal to the electorate. The Governor, it is proposed, is also to be subject to the Recall—this in order to temper irresponsible exercise of executive authority. The author rejects the direct primary as eventually requiring more assistance in managing elections from the professional politicians than at present, and thus strengthening their grip upon power.

So far as the Federal government is

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concerned, Mr. Croly would enlarge its power over commerce and industry. He does not favor commission control of industry except as a passing device. Its fault he finds in the double deposit of power, and therefore the ambiguous location of responsibility for efficient industrial administration. The eventual acquisition by the national government of those essential elements in corporate property which make for monopoly—such as railway terminals, rights of way, mineral deposits, and the like—he regards as finally inevitable; but administration and operation are to be left to individual initiative. So long as this is not pressed by the author as a possibility for several generations, it may be passed over as not of immediate concern.

Most open to question is his general conception of the purpose of democracy. Rightly insisting that democracy cannot be defined in terms of machinery alone, he contends that the "salutary and formative democratic purpose consists in using the democratic organization for the joint benefit of individual distinction and social improvement" (p. 207). To this it seems a fair rejoinder that democracy, whether compatible with individual distinction or not, is simply not concerned with individual distinction. Democracy in Switzerland is perhaps more completely realized than elsewhere in Europe. But in politics as in art and literature individual distinction is markedly absent in the Swiss republic. One recalls Whistler's chaff at the "sons of patriots" who in the domain of art are content with inventing "the clock that turns the mill, and the sudden cuckoo, with difficulty restrained in its box."

A fair verdict upon the book would couple a commendation of Mr. Croly's analysis of our political history and of the political conditions requiring reform with a caveat at his project of "constructive discrimination." He is doubtless right in holding that the abstract doctrine of "equal rights for all" is without constructive power. Neither as a party amalgam nor as a political engine is the doctrine efficient. But the policy of "constructive discrimination," "the ceaseless creation of a political, economic, and social aristocracy, and their equally constant replacement" is fraught with peril. Mr. Croly contradicts himself in this matter. On page 209 we are told that the "democratic state should never discriminate in favor of anything or anybody." On page 357 is urged the policy of legally recognizing the large corporations. This recognition, Mr. Croly himself admits, "amounts substantially to a discrimination in their favor." On page 209 we are taught that the democratic state can "only discriminate against all sorts of privilege." But on page 386 there is advocated a legal recognition of the privileges of labor unions with the express admission that "this legal recognition means, in their case, also, substantial discrimination by the state in their favor." One may well shrink from endorsing a programme, even though conceived in the public interest, which begins by according special privilege to particular classes. The state has about all it can do in exerting adequate control in the public interest when the weed of class privilege has shown its head in the national garden, without going to the further extreme of sowing thistles, even if the ultimate purpose be cherished of making them serve a useful end.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Isle of Dead Ships. By C. Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Living Mummy. By Ambrose Pratt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Old Clinkers. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Are many good "yarns" written nowadays? The publishers promptly assure us there are, and even venture to specify the particular quality of breeziness, or tenderness, or colorfulness that constitutes the charm of the particular "yarn." As a matter of fact, we have too much breeze, love, and color in our stories. The conscious striving after them robs the type of its pleasantest characteristic, reality, even if it is only the reality of an hour's excitement. The desperate attempt at style tends still further to hamper illusion. The three books we have brought together in the present notice adhere to the simple standards of other days. They tell impossible or improbable stories in a straightforward manner. Of all three it may truthfully be said that few readers will lay them down unfinished.

Mr. Marriott lives up to the promise of his title. He imagines in the centre of the great drift of seaweed and wreckage that goes by the name of Sargasso Sea a nucleus made up of countless ships which the winds and currents of the Atlantic have shepherded together during the last four hundred years. It is Mr. Marriott's theory that, sooner or later, all derelicts of the Atlantic arrive in that grass-locked haven. What more natural than that hero and heroine shall be shipwrecked and conveyed to the isle of dead ships, where a little colony of castaways live contentedly under an Irish Superman of a king? And how the heroine is saved from the tyrant's amorous designs, and how the tyrant is overthrown, and how all the good people in the colony escape from the isle in a Spanish submarine brought thither by the storms, is told clearly, unaffectedly, veraciously.

Mr. Pratt's book is packed with thrills. The living mummy is just what it purports to be—the mummy of a high priest of the days of Amenhotep, who is brought to life through a wondrous charm discovered by a wicked Egyptologist, who proceeds to use the priest for the destruction of a good Egyptologist, who is young, Herculean, and in love with the bad Egyptologist's beautiful and caustic daughter. On two or three occasions the hero engages in deadly combat with the reinvigorated high-priest. And if a 4,000-year-old mummy were not bad enough, what shall we say when that mummy, by means of a very rare dye, succeeds in making himself invisible? The present reviewer confesses to looking twice over his shoulder in a dark hall at night.

Mr. O'Higgins's book is a collection of stories of the New York Fire Department, and so comes as a sequel to his "Smoke Eaters." They are the idealized record of a series of every-day events, presented with a fine simplicity and vigor. The first story tells of a fire crew penned up in the iron entrails of a burning steamship, and for a page or two holds one actually breathless. There is humor and character-drawing and a bit of moralizing; a readable book.

Testimony. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: John Lane Co.

In this day of facile travel, one is amazed to find authors writing of America from such abysmal depths of ignorance. The scene of the story is laid in New England, and although the life depicted evidently lies well beyond the bounds of the writers' personal experience, the local color is applied with no niggardly hand. Unfortunately, they have not gone to such writers as Mary Wilkins Freeman or Alice Brown for their text-book, but to some early insular authority, whence they have gleaned the fact that all Americans, of whatever class or education, invariably preface all remarks with either "I guess" or "I reckon," whether such prefix be germane to the subject matter or no. As the offering of writers who have presumably passed their novitiate, the story is incredibly naïve in its banality. Gillian Lyons, a magnificent type of the primitive man, in spite of his feminine cognomen, marries, against the will of his masterful mother, a delicate butterfly called Althea May, a super-refined exotic of New York culture, who uses "ain't" and kindred locutions. The family, thus augmented, tends to discord as the sparks fly upward, the sparks being furnished by the mother and the wife. After the death of her baby, Althea finds life on the farm intolerable, and flees to join a rich uncle in England, who has sent for her in ignorance of her marriage. The husband, blaming the mother for all the miserable imbroglio, takes up a Peggottyesque search for the runaway, and the story ends with their reunion at the farm and a general outburst of forgiveness and

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embraces. There is an English interlude where the authors demonstrate their fine vein of unconscious humor quite as ably as in the New England scenes.

Alexandrian Romances: Alexander the Prince; Alexander the King; Alexander and Roxana. By Marshall Monroe Kirkman. Chicago: Cropley Phillips.

Mr. Kirkman says in his prefaces that these books owe their origin, not to his desire to write an historical romance, but to the interest excited in his mind by studies of the times of Philip of Macedon and Alexander. The historical part, he observes, is merely incidental, and his exalted personages are introduced because they form a part of the love story. Nevertheless, although this disarms criticism of the historic features and bespeaks attention to the romantic ones, we venture to say that the chief interest for the reader lies in the suggestions of history. Like the conquering army itself, we walk buoyantly where the footing has a foundation, but flounder on reaching the spongy morasses of invention. The exalted personages talk in a language which combines the most flowery eloquence known to fiction with the "Tut! tut!" and "Whew!" of the average man. The style, in other words, is preposterous, the romance mushy, and the history over-decorated.

Yet the studies of the men and manners of the time, of marches, and battles, and sieges, insist on infusing life into the pages. The little historical compends at the end of each volume are good and suggestive reading, and the maps whereby one follows Alexander from Macedon to Asia Minor and Persia and Egypt fill full the sense of satisfaction for those who have the map habit. All told—and much of it poorly told—extravaganza where it would be romance, romance where it would be history, it, nevertheless, holds its course within hail of fact or tradition, and pictures vividly, even hauntingly, the day and the deed. To some extent it informs, and even more it stimulates.

The Tyrant. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The popularity of Mrs. de la Pasture's novels is due in part, no doubt, to the faithfulness with which she clings to the old-fashioned heroine. Stories of the new woman, and the newer maiden, the creature of cigarette and latch-key, who undertakes to prove her equality with male creatures by aping their follies, have palled upon an at first curious public. The type threatens to become familiar in real life, and romantic persons must look with relief upon such pictures as this writer paints for us of the sweet and modest and yielding, and altogether feminine little lady, who was our grandmother. Mrs. de la Pasture is not content with half measure. Most men prefer a Viola to a Rosalind, at least in the hour of calf-love. But the meekness and sensibility of the crinoline period, the quivering affections which delight to be trampled upon, the slender frame which faints beneath the slightest exertion—all these, we suspect, are for the admiration of the feminine reader of a certain age. "Catherine of Calais" was Mrs. de la Pasture's typical heroine: the attempt to portray a girl of more modern type, in Philippa, "Catherine's Child," was not very successful. The two heroines of "The Tyrant," mother and daughter, are reversions to the older order. Annette, the mother, is the later Catherine, the woman of forty who has ceased to regard her own happiness, and lives in the fact of her children, and the hoped-for eventuality of her grandchildren. For their sake, she does revolt (during his absence), from the rule of the tyrant. But her fear and compunction for having done the right thing rob her of all satisfaction in the feat. Her one impulse of independent action exhausted, she is ready to grovel at the feet of the oppressor, begging his forgiveness for having wronged him. In short, she is a rather abject little person. Her one happiness is in marrying her daughter to a lord. The daughter merely repeats her mother's youth—lovely and sweet and yielding and nothing more. The "tyrant," the brutal husband and father, who according to the English novelist is so common a British type, is drawn somewhat coarsely for the American imagination. He is useful to the story, but seems two-thirds bogy.

A REVOLUTIONARY COURT.

The Tribunal of the Terror: A Study of Paris in 1793-1795. From the French of G. Lenôtre. Translated by Frederic Lees. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

In an admirable work published nearly thirty years ago, H. Wallon analyzed *all* the cases tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal. This has been properly regarded by students as the definitive work on the subject. The author of the volume under review has not attempted in any way to supersede Wallon's work, but rather to supplement it by drawing a picture of the Tribunal in action. In an opening chapter, with detailed plans of the old Palais de Justice and Conciergerie, he lays the foundation for his study by showing precisely the rooms occupied at different times by the Tribunal when sitting, the jurymen's apartments, the *buvette*, where judges and jury refreshed themselves (sometimes to excess); Fouquier-Tinville's sleeping-room with its bed of straw, and the iron bars through which he grinned down at his victims in the courtyard below. To reconstruct vividly the surroundings and daily life of the Tribunal, the author has turned over in the Archives Nationales many hitherto unexplored sources. A line in a report, a phrase in a *procès-verbal*, the estimate of a contractor, or even the bills of tradespeople and workmen have supplied him with materials which he has ingeniously put together in his re-edification.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was established on March 10, 1793, by the Convention, in answer to the clamor of the mob of Paris. The Convention could not forget the massacres of September, and sought this means to avoid a repetition of them. "Let us be terrible," said Danton, "to spare the people being so. . . . Let us organize a tribunal, not well, for that is impossible, but *in the least ill manner possible.*"

At the first sitting Guyot de Maulans, a nobleman of Poitiers, who had been found in possession of two passports and a white cockade, was tried on the charge of having emigrated—a capital offence. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, delivered a speech which, in the words of a contemporary, "was full of force, full of energy, and which at every moment breathed forth the scorching, electrical fire of the purest patriotism." The jury retired to deliberate while the crowd of inquisitive spectators discussed among themselves the chances whether a man who had harmed nobody would be punished with death. Suddenly the ringing of a bell announced the return of the jury with a verdict of "Guilty." When the president arose, wearing the new short black gown and the black hat with a large plume, *à la Henri IV*, which had been adopted for the Tribunal, and pronounced in a terrifying silence the sentence of "Death," a moan came from the spectators. At first they sobbed silently. Then they wept aloud. Their increasing emotion spread to the judges and jurymen, who tried in vain to hide their tears. Thus, at the outset, the officials and spectators of the Tribunal were not utterly without human sympathy. But they hardened their hearts as the weeks went on, for the almighty public prosecutor demanded daily a larger and larger number of victims. He kept ten copying clerks busy preparing warrants of arrest, and he so intimidated the jurymen that they did not dare bring in acquittals. If they did so he would shout at them in rage, "You are not on your good behavior!" or, "Give me the names of those *bougres* of jurymen; one can no longer count on such men." One day a clerk looked over his shoulder at breakfast and saw him with a list of jurymen marking against certain names "f" (*faible*). The clerk, who had just refused to sign the con-

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demnation of Danton, asked him what he was doing. The public prosecutor gave him a sly look and continued his work, muttering half to himself: "This one is a little reasoner. . . . We don't want people who reason; we want things to go." Two days later that clerk had disappeared. He had been secretly imprisoned.

After the fall of Robespierre, Fouquier made a servile speech before the Convention and sought to save himself by trimming to the new wind. But even his clerks foresaw his doom. When he stormed at one of them on the 12th of Thermidor for being insolent to him, the clerk replied with a brazen but significant shrug of the shoulders: "I am not insolent. I am merely no longer in fear of death." On the 14th of Thermidor, upon the demand of a deputy that "Fouquier be sent to hell to expiate the blood he has spilt," he was placed under arrest. At his trial more than four hundred persons appeared to give evidence of his iniquitous methods. It was shown that when fifty or sixty persons were tried in a morning, as was the case in the last weeks before the fall of Robespierre, the prisoners had been permitted to make no defence; they had even been sent to the tumbrils with such haste that they were not properly identified. A boy of sixteen, for instance, had been condemned and executed by mistake instead of his father of fifty. Before such overwhelming evidence of irregularity and in spite of a very clever defence, Fouquier was finally sent after the 2,625 persons whom he had already dispatched to the guillotine. He left no property for his penniless wife and children except a complete file of the *Moniteur*.

This volume is not only a description of the daily life of the Revolutionary Tribunal, but is also in part a biography of its terrible public prosecutor. It is a valuable piece of historical work and has the same dramatic interest which has characterized the earlier studies of "G. Lenôtre" (pseudonym of the academician Gosselin).

Nelson and Other Naval Studies. By James R. Thursfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

"Imperial Defence" has long received the close attention of certain thoughtful British writers who form a class almost without example in this country, where such questions happily remain academic. Among these writers is James R. Thursfield, who is well known as one of the authors of "The Navy and the Nation," as a frequent contributor to Brassey's Naval Annual, and as the British correspondent of our American periodical, the *Navy*. A number of his essays and addresses have now been issued in a handsome octavo volume. Most of the articles relating to Nelson, comprising about one-third of the text, were written at the time of the Trafalgar centenary, in 1905. In spite of all the arguments to the contrary, Mr. Thursfield makes a strong case for the theory that the battle was actually fought on the lines laid down by Nelson in his famous memorandum, written twelve days before the action. In his diagnosis of the Lady Hamilton episode he differs somewhat from Mahan, the review of whose "Life of Nelson" (published in 1898) is here reprinted, with all its highly appreciative encomiums.

Other essays, on Duncan (the victor of Camperdown), the Dogger Bank Affair, Commerce-Destroying, and the Higher Policy of Defence, are uniformly distinguished by this author's conservatism and breadth of view, and by his clarity of style. Here is a book which will prove an excellent guide to the topics discussed, and which gives the grounds upon which sober, peace-loving Englishmen justify the apprehensions aroused by Germany's disturbing naval development. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Thursfield was unaware of the grave doubts cast upon Mr. Buell's good faith in the "Life of John Paul Jones," to which he admits heavy obligations. The estimate of Paul Jones would doubtless have been the same, but the story would have been differently told. A new curiosity of literature is introduced to the reader in a rare life of Jones, published in 1825, which, on the authority of John Murray, Mr. Thursfield attributes to Disraeli.

Entzweit-Einsam. Von August Strindberg. München: G. Müller.

The translation of this latest volume in the German edition of August Strindberg's complete writings is the work of Emil Schering; and is masterly. With all the condensed force of the original, it rises at times to a greater pathos than the Swedish itself has. The collection is planned to be complete in thirty-six volumes, issued in six divisions: Dramen, Romane, Novellen, Lebensgeschichte, Gedichte, and Wissenschaft. The new volume belongs to the "Lebensgeschichte" and covers two periods in the author's life: 1892-1894, the years of his second marriage; and 1899-1900, his first winter in Stockholm after an absence of ten years. Between the two lies the "Inferno" period. "Entzweit," as the former story is called—the original was simply "the second story of the Master of Quarantine" in the collection, "Fagervik och Skamsund"—contains some significant utterances which light up, as it were, the hidden source of Strindberg's view of life. Here, for instance:

> Have you seen a face like mine? Where I come I carry misery and ruin with me.
>
> At bottom we hate each other because we love each other. We are afraid to lose our personality through the assimilating power of love, and that is why we must break out occasionally, so as to know that I am not you . . .
>
> With his knowledge of the human soul, he had included among his few principles of life this: never make allowance; never look back, only forward. And when she, in the beginning of their acquaintance, would refer to what he had said on an earlier occasion, he cut her short with "never look back, ever forward! One says so much, and most of it is improvisation. I have no views, only impromptus; life would be pretty monotonous if you should think and say the same thing each day. New it must be; life is only a poem, and it is more fun to flit over the swamp than to slip your feet down and feel for terra firma, where there is none . . . I make no decisions. I have never seen that a decision leads to anything. The course of events may guide my fate as heretofore."

"Einsam" is the diary of the sage who retires from the world and looks on at the motions of the shadows that pass him on the way. It ends: "Glad that I had come so far as I had, that I could feel joy over the happiness of others without mortification, regrets, or fancied fears, I went out from the torture chamber of my youth."

The Face of China: Travels in East, North, Central, and Western China. With some account of the new schools, universities, missions, and the old religious sacred places of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. The whole written and illustrated by E. G. Kemp, F.R.S.G.S. New York: Duffield & Co. $6 net.

A very attractive picture, with pen and brush, which will bring most readers under the spell of that marvellous land and people. Miss Kemp was not a mere chance traveller; she had spent a year at a medical mission in the interior, and writes intelligently of what she saw and experienced in her extensive journeys. The peculiar value of her narrative lies in its testimony to the change which has come over the whole land in recent years. Her first journey described was in 1893, to the capital of the province of Shansi, and the contrast of her experiences in this and in one from Peking to Burma in 1907-08 was very great. In the first she "was always conscious of a certain hostility in the attitude of the people towards foreigners." Quite the reverse was the case in the latest, for, though accompanied only by a woman friend, the Chinese, she says, "responded unhesitatingly to the call we made on their chivalry, by placing ourselves unreservedly in their hands. . . . In no European country could we have been more courteously treated, and in very few have I travelled so happily, and so free from care." The great awakening is so universal that in all the journey from the

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northeastern to the southwestern part of the empire, some two thousand miles, she found no village untouched by it. The desire for education is its principal evidence, especially by the girls, schools for whom in the villages even are in great demand. In Chengtu, the capital of the extreme western province of Szechwan, the girls were dressed as boys, so as not to attract notice, when going to school. This place stands in the front rank of Chinese cities educationally, for it has a university in which English, French, German, and Japanese are taught, a large military medical college with three French doctors, and among the schools a large one for the children of beggars, "boys neatly dressed," who are taught trades at the expense of the municipality. Anti-foot-binding has been making good progress there, for "at the recent athletic sports, the students put up a notice that no lady with bound feet would be admitted to the ground, and this notice is now being put up everywhere throughout the empire on such occasions." Writing of Tsinan, an eastern city, in which there are fifteen schools for boys and girls, and colleges with about 2,500 students, she says "the most popular book both here and elsewhere is 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'"

The most interesting part of Miss Kemp's narrative is that descriptive of her journey on the Yangtze in a house-boat, and through Szechwan and Yunnan by sedan chair. She was everywhere deeply impressed by the industry of the people. "The whole land is one great ceaseless field of labor, where every one works from early childhood to extreme old age." The varied character of the products of this industry is shown by the loads on the mules on the mountain roads separating the two provinces: "Copper, tin, coal, salt, skins, spices, chillies, armadillo skins, paper, bowls, opium, and later in the season large quantities of the wax insect larvæ." Of the wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers of this region—the hill slopes, for instance, being bright with rose-colored camellias—she writes: "This is the part of the world from which the majority of our flowering shrubs have originally come." We are surprised at one statement, which she makes when describing a review of some regiments of the army. "In the past, military service was one of the two only ways in which it was possible in China to climb the social ladder." All the authorities with which we are familiar place the farmer next to the scholar, and the soldier lowest in the social scale. The attractiveness of the book is greatly increased and much light is thrown upon the text by the sixty-three reproductions in color of her sketches. Some of them are of scenes of rare beauty. An excellent map enables the reader to follow her easily in her journeys.

Notes.

Popular editions of Ernst Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," and Elie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" are soon to be published by the Putnams.

The Yale University Press announces that it will publish during the coming autumn "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," under the editorship of Max Ferrand of the department of history at Yale.

"Our Search for a Wilderness," an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and British Guiana, by Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe, curator of birds in the New York Zoölogical Park, is soon to be published by Henry Holt & Co.

The revision of Dr. W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is out in good time for the earliest plans of travel. We have the pleasure of recommending this little guide annually.

Blümner's "Home Life of the Ancient Greeks," translated by Alice Zimmern, comes to us from Cassell & Co. in a third edition. It is a book which may be used either for consecutive reading, or, owing to its full index, for reference.

Duffield & Co. have issued the first volume, containing "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," of a uniform edition of the writings of "Fiona Macleod." Mrs. Sharp contributes an introduction in which she touches on the dualism of her husband as William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod." We shall have something to say of this aspect of the Celtic revival when the edition is further advanced. A bit of minute information may not be out of place here. Fiona is often mispronounced; it should be Féona.

We have received a plan of celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the Salem (Mass.) Athenæum, and of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Social Library of that city. The exercises will include a reception on March 29, and a meeting on the following evening, to be addressed by Prof. Barrett Wendell, whose topic will be "Literary Conditions in America, especially in Massachusetts in 1760." The Athenæum is one of the oldest of of American literary landmarks. It represents a combination in 1810 of the Social Library, founded at Salem in 1760, and the Philosophical Library, founded there in 1781. The present library building, which, as regards its exterior, is an exact copy of the old southern manor "Homewood," near Baltimore, one of the best examples of Georgian architecture in this country, was dedicated in 1907.

At the meeting of the Yale corporation last week Bertram Borden Boltwood, Ph.D., of Professor Rutherford's laboratory, at the University of Manchester, England, was elected professor of radio-chemistry; Charles McLean Andrews of the chair of history of Johns Hopkins University was elected Farnam professor of American history, and Albert Tobias Clay, Ph.D., assistant professor of Semitic philology and archæology at the University of Pennsylvania, was chosen for the William M. Laffan professorship of Assyriology and Babylonian literature recently founded by J. Pierpont Morgan.

Dr. Henry M. MacCracken has announced his intention to resign his office of chancellor of the New York University next month, and to retire definitely on September 28 next, which is his seventieth birthday, and a fitting time, he thinks, for him to relinquish his responsibilities as an educator. Dr. MacCracken is a native of Oxford, O., and was pastor of Presbyterian churches in Columbus and Toledo, O., from 1863 to 1881, when he became chancellor of Western University, at Pittsburgh, where he remained for three years. In 1884 he became professor of philosophy, and vice-chancellor, and, in 1891, chancellor of New York University.

Prof. Stanley Lane-Poole might have omitted his apology for discussing in the *Fortnightly Review* for February "The Alleged Marriage of Swift and Stella." It is probably true that Swift is read to-day more for the power and mystery of his own character than for what his writings themselves contain, and curiosity in regard to the acts and motives of such a man, if decently exercised, is part of the proper study of mankind. Professor Lane-Poole subjects the evidence for Swift's marriage to a searching analysis, and brings in a verdict of not proven. So far we go with him, although, on the other hand, his positive argument against the marriage still leaves us hesitating. That is to say, the riddle is still unsolved. In regard to the relation of Swift to Vanessa he is more convincing. Quotations from the letters of Swift to her when she was living near Dublin, with Professor Lane-Poole's interpretation of some ambiguous phrases, show that he had become further involved with her than has commonly been supposed, and that she had genuine claims upon him. Professor Lane-Poole sees in that relation a strong but, on the man's part, ephemeral passion, whereas Swift's feeling for Stella was always a refined friendship and admiration, and nothing more. The whole article is well worth reading.

The prose rendering of the "Nibelungenlied" by D. B. Shumway (Houghton Mifflin Co.) inevitably recalls the judgment executed by Matthew Arnold on Francis Newman's Homer. Newman was an admirably equipped philologist; so is Professor Shumway. But the Germanist, like the Hellenist, fails singularly to render the original he knows so well, and fails for precisely the same reason: the use of a peculiar vocabulary that serves only to distort the epic manner that it seeks to interpret. Professor Shumway tells us that the language of his version "has been made as simple and Saxon in character as possible." So far his programme is obviously good. But, he continues, "an exception has been made in the case of such Romance words as were in use in England during the age of the romances of chivalry." In that sentence lies the secret of Professor Shumway's fundamental mistake. For the "Nibelungenlied" belongs only by virtue of a late redaction (circa 1,200) to the ages of romance. It has none of the warmth, the fluidity, the brightness of Gottfried or Hartmann. Of chivalry it has but the external trappings, overloaded as it doubtless is with these. Its spirit is that of the ancient sagas of the Germanic race, blended with memories

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of the monstrous welter of life during the great migration. A bleak wind blows through the monotonous clang of its stanzas; the sorrows depicted are hard and savage; the pathos, where it occurs, bare and cruel. And this poem Professor Shumway tricks out in a verbiage which—whether genuinely archaic or not—has been degraded to the English taste by the third-rate historical novel of several generations. "I' faith," "methinks 'twere well," "hied them hence," "full fair," "well I wot"—with such locutions Professor Shumway recounts the story of the fierce Kriemhilt and the granite-souled Hagen of Troneg. It is quite doubtful, finally, whether any prose translation could do for the "Nibelungenlied" what Lang and Myers have done for Homer. For the very tags of the Greek poem have loveliness and energy; its language falls into some beauty of rhythm in the rudest version. Not so the northern epic: It is often harsh, often tedious. It has vigor but no charm, and the movement of verse is needed to carry the reader to the laconic tragedy of its final line:

> Here hath the tale an ending; this is the Nibelungs' woe.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in "The Crime of the Congo" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) presents the case against the Leopoldian régime in Central Africa with undeniable skill. In the brief compass of one hundred and twenty-odd pages he has brought together the essence of all that has been written about Belgian misrule ever since the world's attention was first directed to the question, more than fifteen years ago. The burden of the tale is a familiar one; yet repetition makes the recital of King Leopold's beneficent activities in the Congo the more horrible. There is no denying that one of the most shameful pages in the history of humankind has here been written. Where room for difference of opinion appears is on the question how far the people of Belgium can be held responsible for the system established and maintained by their late King. Our writer insists that no distinction between Leopold and his subjects can be made; and he devotes himself particularly to showing that with Leopold out of the way and the Congo transformed into a Belgian colony, there is not the slightest room for supposing that the natives of the Congo are at last to be restored to their rights. So long, he maintains, as the state retains ownership of the lands she has seized and adheres to the iniquitous system of a forced labor tax, misgovernment and depopulation will go hand in hand. The prime requisite is to wipe out Belgian rule in the country and either place it under international control or partition it among France, Germany, and Great Britain. But we may take it as certain that European statesmanship, after bearing with the iniquitous Leopold's personal rule for a quarter of a century, will not interfere until Belgium has had a fair chance to establish decent government in her colony. That the worst abominations of Leopold's rule have already disappeared, even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle admits.

Maude M. Holbach, the author of a pleasant book on Dalmatia, has treated an even more fruitful subject in her "Bosnia and Herzegovina: Some Wayside Wanderings" (John Lane Co.). Intending English and American visitors of a most picturesque region, practically unknown even to the experienced tourist, will thank Mrs. Holbach for her interesting glimpses of glorious mountain scenery, roaring cataracts, periodically disappearing lakes, feudal Bosnian castles, Moslem mosques, and Old-Servian churches and monasteries. Her facile pen revels particularly in description of the multi-colored costumes of the land, but she is equally observant of bazaars, minarets, and churchyards, of military casinos, watering places, wayside coffee houses, and schools and colleges. Her opportune visit to the Sandjak of Novibazar, just as the Austrian soldiers were finally leaving it, affords her the chance of paying a well-deserved tribute to Austrian tact and administrative ability. The book disarms criticism by its kindly spirit and well-directed enthusiasm. The reader enjoys all of it—and particularly the numerous admirable photographs taken by Otto Holbach (which show an unusual eye for picturesque grouping, and really illustrate the text)—in spite of slips of various kinds, indifference to the rules of transliteration of Serb names, and a loose and large way of dealing with mountain heights. There is, however, no excuse for the publishers' labelling two plates "Sarajivo," instead of Sarajevo, and the great Austrian administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Herr von Kállay, deserved a better fate than to be spoken of both as "Kally" and "Kalley."

Gordon Home's "The Motor Routes of England; Southern Section" (Macmillan) suggests its use in a well-groomed look, abundance of color prints, and business-like brevity of style. It gives sufficient information for the average tourist ranging south of London and Bristol, and it lays out courses of very moderate length. On the whole, the color prints are superfluous—in the car we should find them offensive—while the antiquarian hints are the merest indications. Motorists who really go in for churches, if such there be, will use Baedeker or some of the many county guides. About Mr. Home there is no nonsense; he doesn't write for dawdlers. Winchester is pretty fully described because many roads lead to it. Salisbury, we read, has a fine early English cathedral. No more is vouchsafed, for it lies off main roads.

To their color books on the English counties Messrs. A. &, C. Black of London (New York: Macmillan) have added "Worcestershire," painted by Thomas Tyndale, described by A. G. Bradley. This county, although it boasts the Malvern Hills, famous alike as scenery and as examples of eccentric geology, is on the whole of a mild and monotonous comeliness. For this reason, perhaps, Mr. Tyndale's sketches, as reproduced, seem to lack character and variety. Mr. Bradley is a pastmaster of the arts required in this sort of compilation, and he makes the most of a rather slender theme, bearing down upon the civil war. In this county literary associations are singularly sparse. But William Langland, a native of neighboring Shropshire, was educated at Malvern Priory, and there planned his "Vision of Piers Plowman." With a few exceptions, Worcester has enjoyed the happiness of a county without a history. Mr. Bradley's enthusiasm should persuade leisurely pilgrims to seek the Malverns and loiter along the Severn.

The guild of trappers will undoubtedly be satisfied with two modest volumes just issued by the A. R. Harding Publishing Company of Columbus, O., and entitled, respectively, "Wolf and Coyote Trapping" and "Science of Trapping." They are the work of A. R. Harding and E. Kreps, and both are written more from the practical than the scientific side. Beyond saying that the books are excellent of their kind, we will only take occasion here to protest against the use of steel traps in any other manner than with the sliding-pole, so that the animal, when taken, goes to the bottom of the stream or pond and speedily drowns. Any contrivance in which an animal is caught by the leg, compelling it to wait in agony, often for several days, before the trapper reaches it on his round, should be prohibited by law.

The author of "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," James O. Fagan, in his second book, entitled "Labor and the Railroads" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), has passed out of the stage of confession into that of reproof and correction. The series of articles from which this book was made were called "The Industrial Dilemma," an accurate title for the situation in which the author finds himself involved. Trade unions, as he views them, are thoroughly subversive of discipline. They deaden initiative, reduce efficiency, and check the development of a spirit of loyalty on the part of the individual employee toward his work. Yet their power to dictate is such that the superintendent is at their mercy; he must make all agreements with them in secret; he dares not throw himself upon the public for protection. Hence we have a recklessness in railway management which has no parallel elsewhere, and a stirring of public sentiment only when some frightful catastrophe forces the conditions imperatively upon public attention. Mr. Fagan's suggestion for relief seems to lie in the direction of greater publicity for the negotiations between employer and employee, which shall bring the salutary influence of public opinion to bear directly upon the question of railway discipline and efficiency. His attitude does not impress one as being wholly unprejudiced. He is, perhaps, somewhat harsh towards the trade union, and he fails to take into account sufficiently the frequent selfishness of railway officials, and their often demonstrated indifference to the problems of safety in travel.

The sixth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) includes titles from "Innocents" to "Liudger." A larger proportion of doctrinal and Biblical subjects, in comparison with historical and biographical topics, is found in this volume than in its predecessors, and, since the excellence of this encyclopædia is in the field of church history rather than in Biblical criticism or in doctrinal theology, the general impression it leaves is less favorable. The articles on Israel, Jacob, and Joseph are not at all adequate in the light of recent knowledge of early Semitic history and legend. They are based on the German articles of the precursor of the work, Hauck's "Realencyklopädie," and it is safe to say that no German scholar would now care to be responsible for the form in which they are

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here given to English readers. The weighty considerations advanced in Gunkel's "Commentary on Genesis," of a very different tenor, should at least be presented. The spirit of the American editors is catholic and tolerant. They allow Volck's statement that Joel preceded Amos to stand, but follow it up by a few paragraphs by Professor McCurdy, in which the compelling reasons for a fourth-century date are set forth. Dr. Warfield is permitted to declare that any other than a miraculous birth of Jesus would "seem strange and unnatural," while a few pages over Professor Bacon asserts that the narrative of the virgin birth "has no significance for the history of Jesus." In Biblical criticism this encyclopædia is behind Cheyne and Hastings, but the large number of excellent articles on topics connected with ecclesiastical history, with their careful bibliographies, give it an independent value.

The thirteenth and fourteenth parts of Prof. Morris Jastrow's "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann) now lie before us. These two parts continue the discussion of omens and signs (*Vorzeichen und Deutungslehre*) begun in the ninth part. Jastrow's treatment of this subject is the most complete and satisfactory in existence. He presents virtually the whole literature on liver omens, and his interpretation of the texts has made these really intelligible. Forecasting the future by inspection of the liver rested on primitive folk ideas, and formed a link between the religion of the laity and that of the priests. The determination of the future by the heavenly bodies, the discussion of which occupies the greater portion of these two parts was, on the contrary, a pseudo-science in the hands of the priests. In his introduction to the discussion of the latter theme, Jastrow points out that the theory on which this pseudo-science rested was the belief in the correspondence of heaven and earth: that to the divisions of the world, its lands, mountains, etc., correspond similar divisions in heaven, the latter being the original which is reflected, so to speak, in the things of earth. If, therefore, one can understand the heavenly things, one may explain and foreshadow the earthly. He notes, in the discussion, that the earlier observations of the heavenly bodies, which we can trace back at least to the time of Gudea, about 2700 B. C. are merely astrological, their purpose being to determine what is to happen to the king and the country. About 700 B. C. we find the beginnings of astronomy, as these observations result in a perception that the movements of the heavenly bodies are governed by laws. So out of a religious superstition grows gradually a science; but it is not until the time of the Seleucids that a real astronomy can be said to have come into existence.

James Platt, jr., an English philologist, who had contributed extensively to *Notes and Queries*, and had done much valuable work on the proof-sheets of the Oxford English Dictionary, died recently. In 1883-1884, he contributed to German periodicals a series of articles on old English grammar and phonology, and he had also contributed to *Notes and Queries* and other magazines discussions of the etymology of words adopted in English from the languages of the American Indians, and from Africa, fields in which he also worked with much effect for the Oxford Dictionary.

Dr. Richard Paul Wülker, professor of the English language and literature at the University of Leipzig, died recently, at the age of sixty-four years. He was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and had been a professor at Leipzig since 1873. He had published "Das Evangelium Nikodemi in der abendländischen Literatur," "Übersicht der neuangelsächsischen Sprachdenkmäler," "Altenglisches Lesebuch," "Fünfzig Feldpostbriefe eines Frankfurters," "Kleinere angelsächsische Dichtungen" (with Glossary), "Grundriss zur Geschichte der angelsächsischen Literatur," and "Geschichte der englischen Literatur von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart." In 1877, he founded the magazine *Anglia*, for the study of English philology.

Science.

In "Nerves and Common Sense" (Little, Brown & Co.), Annie Payson Call preaches anew the gospel of relaxation which some have called flippantly the "flop cure." It must be admitted, however, that Miss Call once more shows a very clear understanding of human nature and presents her argument in a way well suited to meet the needs of a large number of persons. It is not necessary to be in full agreement with her interpretation of the fundamental trouble or of the process of cure to understand that the treatment proposed will lift a certain class of sufferers from the depths which mean much misery for them and unlimited anxiety for their friends. The central doctrine is that, except in case of organic disease, nervous strain is caused by bad habits, by defect of character inborn or acquired. The cure lies in ceasing to be ashamed to recognize the badness of certain habits, and in relaxing, that is to say, in lessening the strain of mental opposition and resistance. Annoyances cause some sort of a physical contraction, as, for example, when even the thought of a food which is believed to disagree with us causes the contraction of the stomach. If we drop the contraction we open the way to dropping mental and moral strain; when something gets on our nerves we must drop it off our nerves. This, however, can be effective only when we have a sincere desire to get rid of the resistance, and a conscious dependence on a higher power must be behind it all. This general idea is enlarged upon and illustrated in a variety of ways in its application to the conduct of life, where the neglect of the right of those we love to independence and the strain of bossing the members of the household and others are sources of harm quite on a level with fright, hurry, fussiness in eating, nervous talk, restless work, and even sewing, which has a whole chapter to itself. Much of the book has already appeared in the columns of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and has the earmarks of its origin. The example is often a certain "little lady," sometimes a "little woman," suggesting physical limitations of nervousness not altogether in accord with the experience of the reviewer.

"Girl and Woman" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Caroline W. Latimer, deals with the upbringing of the girl rather than the life of the mature woman, and deals with it well. The general bodily functions are briefly, often incidentally, but quite sufficiently discussed, with no formal details about the structures involved. Dr. Latimer's chief concern is the care of the body, with particular reference to the limitations imposed by sexual development, and, taken all in all, her advice is excellent and given in admirable fashion. She is a strong advocate of simple hygienic measures, urging rest and dietetic treatment rather than drugs, and has very clean cut and just objections to the far too ready and frequent appeal to the specialist. What she has to say about the psychic side of girlhood ought to be very helpful to any mother of even quite moderate intelligence. A failure to recognize the apostle of multimastication as a good American, and a little slip in calling acetanilid and antifebrin different substances are almost the only things that invite criticism. The book has an introduction by Dr. H. A. Kelly, in which he neatly outlines his views concerning the life and work of woman.

The "Quiz Book of Nursing," by Amy Elizabeth Pope and Thirza A. Pope (Putnam), professedly for teachers and students, reawakens our doubts concerning the knowledge which many nurses wish their fellow-nurses to have. It is an exasperating book in which much that is really good, even very good, is spoilt by many loose and futile questions, and, in places, by statements that are erratic or ridiculously wrong and misleading. To say, taking a few examples almost at random: that cocci are called micrococci when they are single (p. 203); that the hand placed on a stove will be immediately withdrawn with no intimation that the stove must be hot or very cold (p. 263); that rennet solidifies fluid proteids (p. 284); that meat is composed of hollow muscular fibres (p. 296); that the principal salts of the food are sodium, potassium, iron, and so on (p. 282); that ether was first used by Morton "a Baltimore dentist" (p. 358), is to lay up misinformation for future trouble, and there is more of the same type. The chapter on foods is rather good, one of the best; but that on drugs contains far more than a good nurse needs to know, and has many slips, of which the worst is the assertion that an ounce of morphine sulphate contains one grain of morphine (p. 350). probably an erratic allusion to the *Liquor morphiæ sulphatis* of an earlier pharmacopœia. Of quite a different character are the three last chapters, rather less than a quarter of the book, carrying information of some value to those who are interested in hospital problems without being nurses. Here we have a brief essay on Visiting Nursing by Margaret A. Bewley, a rather fuller discussion of the planning and construction of hospitals by Bertrand E. Taylor, and, finally, directions by Frederic B. Morlok of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York concerning Hospital Bookkeeping and Statistics, by which is meant merely the enumeration of the hospital population, not medical statistics.

Professor Amos Emerson Dolbear, widely known as the inventor of telephone and telegraph appliances, died on February 23, at Medford, Mass. He graduated at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1866, was assistant

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in chemistry there for a few years, and then professor of chemistry at the University of Michigan until 1874, when he became professor of physics at Tufts College, where he remained until his ill-health forced him to retire in 1902. Professor Dolbear claimed the invention of wireless telegraphy and brought suit against Marconi in 1899, but did not establish his claim. He also claimed priority in the invention of the telephone, and for a long time contested in the courts the legality of the Bell patents, but was finally defeated. He invented a writing telegraph, a spring balance ammeter, and apparatus for the converting of sounds into electricity and photographing through a solid body with the aid of electric waves. He had published "Art of Projecting," "The Speaking Telephone," "Matter, Ether and Motion," "Modes of Motion," and "Natural Philosophy."

Edward W. Very, for a long time a distinguished naval officer, and known the world over as the inventor of the Very night signal, died suddenly in New York, on March 1, at the age of sixty-three. He was particularly known in this country, and in Europe as an expert on large ordnance, and several of his inventions are still in use in the United States navy, and elsewhere. Mr. Very graduated at the Naval Academy in 1867, became an ensign in December, 1868, and a lieutenant in 1871. Later he was attached to the United States legation in Paris. He entered Paris with Marshal MacMahon at the head of the latter's army in the days of the Commune, following the siege of Paris by the Prussians, having been entrusted with letters to Minister Washburn. He resigned from the navy in 1885, and became allied with the Hotchkiss firm and interests, and subsequently he became vice-president of the American Ordnance Company.

Reid Barnes, professor of plant physiology at the University of Chicago, died February 24 at the age of fifty-one. He was professor of natural history at Purdee University in 1880-1886, and of botany at the University of Wisconsin in 1886-1898, when he accepted the chair at Chicago which he occupied at the time of his death. He had been co-editor of the *Botanical Gazette* since 1883, and (with J. C. Arthur and J. M. Coulter) was author of "Keys to the Genera and Species of North American Mosses," "Plant Life," and "Outlines of Plant Life."

Col. Claude Reignier Conder, an English explorer of Palestine, died on February 16, at the age of sixty-one years. He had long been associated with the Palestine Exploration Fund, and between 1874 and 1876 surveyed about 4,700 square miles of western Palestine, which gave him the material for his book, "Tent Work in Palestine." The remaining 1,300 miles of the survey was completed by Lieut. (now Lord) Kitchener in 1877. Conder again commanded the Palestine survey in 1881 and 1882. Besides the work mentioned, his books and memoirs on Palestine include "Heth and Moab," "Memoirs of the Surveys of Western Palestine," "The Bible in the East," "The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," "The Hittites and Their Language," "The Rise of Man," "Primer of Bible Geography," "Palestine" (which was published in 1891, and contains a summary of what was known of the geography of the country up to that year), and "The City of Jerusalem," published last year.

Emile Cheysson, professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, and a distinguished disciple of the great French economist, Le Play, died in Paris recently at the age of seventy-four years. He was especially interested in the improvement of the dwellings and the general conditions of the French working classes, and since the year 1870 he had frequently prevented the adoption by the friendly societies of unwise schemes which might have hindered social betterment. As an old-school Liberal he resolutely opposed state intervention, and championed individualism. His publications include "Cent Budgets de familles ouvrières," "Albums de statistique graphique," "L'Alcoolisme," "Les Accidents du travail," "La Mutualité et le rôle de la femme," "Les Taudis," "L'Ingénieur social," and "Les Méthodes de statistique."

Dr. Wilhelm Krause, professor of anatomy and head of the laboratories of the Anatomical Institute of the University of Berlin, died recently in that city at the age of seventy-six. With Professors His and Waldeyer, he had published a "Handbuch der Anatomie des Menschen."

Dr. Franz von Jauraschek, the Austrian statistician, died recently in Vienna, at the age of sixty. He had been professor of statistics, and also of public and international law, in the University of Vienna, and had published "Personal- und Realunion," "Uebersichten der Weltwirtschaft," and "Die Staaten Europas, statistische Darstellung," and since 1884 had edited Otto Hübner's "Geographischstatistische Tabellen aller Länder der Erde."

Drama.

NEW SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERIES.

The chances are that any active man who lives fifteen years in one community will at least once appear in some capacity in court. It was this probability that heartened Prof. Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska to read through the court proceedings of Shakespeare's London, in the hope of unearthing some document concerning the dramatist. Only one who has breathed the air of the London Record Office can appreciate the magnitude of such a research. Merely to manipulate the skins on which the records are kept, merely to guess the sense of the various crabbed scripts, requires uncommon patience. Professor Wallace and his wife handled more than a million documents, in order to find one case involving Hemings, Shakespeare's publisher, and one in which "Wr. William Shakespeare, gentleman," deposed in person. It was a gigantic labor for what looks like a small result.

But independently of the value of the new data on Shakespeare, the kind of pertinacity shown by the Wallaces deserves high commendation. They have not merely the faith that seeks a needle in a haystack, but the courage that joyously rummages through a stack where no needle may have been mislaid. In a somewhat similar spirit, Mr. Theodore H. Davis's expedition in the Valley of the Kings goes down to bedrock. Whatever Pharaonic tombs exist under the desert sands must come to light. And here it must be admitted that even if no palpable Shakespeareana had emerged from the early Jacobean parchments in the Record Office, the heart-breaking work of the Wallaces would not have been wholly in vain. To have proved that no documents existed would, at least, have prevented future sporadic and futile examination of these archives. The bedrock method, however costly to the investigator, is, though the results be negative, always valuable to the science.

The results which Professor Wallace attained are set forth in *Harper's* for March. They will look large or small, according to the imagination the reader brings to their scrutiny. In May of 1612 "William Shakespeare of Stratford vpon Aven" testified in a suit concerning dowry brought by Stephen Bellott against his father-in-law, Christopher Mountjoy. In the testimony, it appears that Shakespeare had been a lodger with the Mountjoys since 1598. It was he who, at the request of Mme. Mountjoy, deceased, had arranged the marriage between the daughter, Mary, and the brisk young prentice, Stephen. This was in 1604. The Mountjoys were French Protestants, the father's profession that of wig maker. After the mother's death, father and son-in-law unhappily fell into the way of "wigging" each other at the expense of the business. The young folks went to lodge with George Wilkins, a mediocre playwright, whose dramas of "Pericles" and "Timon of Athens" Shakespeare amiably retouched, the latter considerably. Stephen sued for his wife's dowry, and other matters connected with the shop. Clearly Shakespeare had interested himself deeply in these young people, for pretty much all the other witnesses as to the terms of the match simply quote "one Wm. Shakespeare." He himself played a diplomatic part, spoke well of both parties to the suit, and by what seems a most opportune lapse of memory absolutely failed to recall the dowry stipulated in the match he himself had made. Apparently, he intended that his old landlord should suffer no financial distress in addition to the desertion of a daughter and an active associate. Mr. William Shakespeare's non-committal ways left the suit in such shape that the court passed it on to the French Protestant Church for arbitration.

So much for the bare facts, and now what are they good for? We think it at least a sentimental gain to be able to stand at the corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets and say, "On this spot

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were written, 'Henry V,' 'Much Ado,' 'As You Like It,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'Hamlet,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Macbeth,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Othello.'" For associations less precious men have travelled farther. Professor Wallace wishes the tavern which now occupies the site to be converted into a museum. Whether or not such a destination seems natural for a building that Shakespeare never saw, it is certain that some memorial should cry *Siste viator!* at what must become one of the most sacred spots known to literature. One likes better to speculate on the reasons that drew Shakespeare to take refuge with a French family. We catch the cheerful babble that must have passed between the lodger and young Mary Mountjoy in the broken French of King Hal and the entrancing English of his French Kate. As a compliment to the author's landlord, the name Mountjoy was conferred upon a herald in the play of Henry V. Apart from such literary echoes of the lodging in Silver Street, one welcomes the picture of Shakespeare as the friend and confidant of the family, their counsellor at difficult turns, and later the would-be adjuster of their quarrels. The witnesses in the obscure suit of Bellott *vs.* Mountjoy, mostly people of humble estate, evidently knew Shakespeare familiarly. In short, without straining hypothesis, the scanty records of this trial present the author of the "Sonnets" and "Hamlet" in a positively neighborly and serviceable light. It is pleasant also to think of Ben Jonson, Nathaniel Field, Thomas Dekker, and others around the corner in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Nor is it a trivial bit of antiquarianism to show that in passing from Mountjoy's to the Globe Theatre Shakespeare had to pass the house in which lived the lad John Milton, later to be the author of the finest tribute in verse that Shakespeare has yet received.

If, on the whole, we glimpse our greatest poet in a new and homely light, we also get unexpected confirmation of that strangely exotic quality which makes him less of England than of the world. It is paradoxical and yet appropriate that the protagonist of the "Sonnets" should be an exemplary lodger in a God-fearing Huguenot family. The Parish of St. Olave's contained many foreigners. To settle there was as if one of our rising playwrights should elect for the lower East Side. It was here, in contact with swarthy and vivacious visitors from afar, that Shakespeare achieved a more poignant vision of the romance of Italy than ever was granted to those professed Italianates, his apparent betters, who had made the pilgrimage in person.

"A Son of the People," which was produced in the New Theatre on Monday evening, is an English version, derived through the German, of "A Revolutionary Wedding," by Sophus Michaelis, the Danish dramatist. It has created some stir in European theatres, probably by its lurid coloring rather than its inherent dramatic worth. Briefly, a French marquis, an émigré, is surprised at his wedding breakfast in his bride's château, by a revolutionary force, tried by drum-head court-martial and ordered to be shot. His newly-made wife, moved and partly disgusted by his abject fear, summons the leader, Marc Arron, who already has impressed her by his sturdy manliness, and blankly asks him for her husband's life, offering herself as a bribe. Arron, knowing that his acceptance will mean his own execution at six o'clock the next morning, nevertheless takes her at her word, exchanges clothes with the marquis, sets him free, and remains to be shot in his place. Then the bride begins to repent of her bargain, but Arron's forbearance and courage inspire her with passionate admiration and she pays the price. In the morning, Arron—after a brief interval of weakness in which he would evade his fate—refuses to accept release or pardon and gallantly meets death, leaving the heroine in a most unfortunate situation. This skeleton synopsis is enough to show that the piece is devised chiefly with a view to thrilling theatrical situations, without much reference to nature, reason or credibility. The incidents are as violent as the characters are theatrical and inconsistent. Professedly, of course, the tale is supposed to be illustrative of the substantial virtue of the representative democrat as compared with the vicious effeminacy of a profligate aristocracy, and symbolical of the working of the revolutionary spirit in men and women. But a dramatic parable of this sort, that ignores the plain facts of nature, is not valuable. The performance, which was by a special company supporting John Mason, was not up to the general standard of the New Theatre, whose credit will not be increased by this particular enterprise.

The Sicilian players are back again in London. Marinella Bragaglia has taken the place of Mimi Aguglia and Signor Grasso now stands at the head of the company. It is said that he will play "Othello" in the course of his engagement.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have retired from the stage, stepping quietly into private life without any preliminary fuss of testimonials or farewells. They have earned honorable repose by half a century or more of work, which, on the whole, has been in the best interests of the theatre and the public. Mrs. Kendal first appeared on the stage in the old Marylebone Theatre, in London, when five years old, in one of the melodramas of the time. But it was in 1868, at the old Haymarket, that she was recognized as one of the leading actresses of the day. She made a great hit in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," in which the elder Sothern played the hero. After she was married to William H. Kendal the two acted together and shared in the triumphs of the Bancrofts, in "Peril," "Diplomacy," and the rest, and afterward won renown and wealth for themselves at the St. James's, in "The Squire," "The Queen's Shilling," "Impulse," "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," and many other plays. Their success in this country is known of all. At first Mr. Kendal was only the husband of his brilliant wife. But he grew slowly but surely in artistic stature, until he became one of the best comedians of the day.

Mme. Vera Komisarzhevsky, the Russian actress (in private life, the Countess Muravieff), died at Tashkent on February 23, of smallpox. She had a fine voice and was trained in music by her father, but made her début as an actress in 1894, and in 1896 made a decided impression in Sudermann's "Battle of the Butterflies," after which she played for several years at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. Thereafter, she built, in that city, a fine theatre, which bears her name. She visited the United States in 1908, and appeared, unsuccessfully, on Broadway in dramas by Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Ostrovski, after which she played a short engagement at the Thalia Theatre, on the Bowery. She was married at the age of sixteen years, to Count Muravieff, from whom she obtained a divorce when she discovered that he was in love with her sister.

Music.

César Franck. By Vincent d'Indy. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Some of the greatest composers, among them Bach, Mozart, and Schubert, were not recognized as such by their contemporaries. Effort is made at present to prove that another of these neglected heroes was César Franck. Romain Rolland calls him "the greatest educational force in contemporary French music." Bruneau refers to him as one of the three regenerators of modern music, the other two being Berlioz and Wagner. In the same vein, others have written of him. "Thus we see Franck, for so many years misunderstood and slighted by his official contemporaries, becoming surely and steadily recognized as one of the chief artistic influences of the nineteenth century," writes Rosa Newmarch in the introductory chapter to her admirably lucid and idiomatic translation of Vincent d'Indy's book on Franck.

The book is the most important document on this composer so far published, and it was well worth translating. Its pages give a glimpse of a serious aspect of music in France of which little is known outside of that country. "A veritable artistic gospel," Mrs. Newmarch calls D'Indy's book; it preaches of one who worked for pure art, regardless of fame or profit. D'Indy is the best-known of his pupils, and if we may believe him, Franck did some very remarkable things, personally and through his pupils. Among these were Massé, Reber, Bazin, Pierné, Duparc, Benoît, Chausson, and Augusta Holmès, while others who came under his influence were Guilmant, Dukas, Chabrier, Fauré, and Ysaye. In 1896, D'Indy, Guilmant, and

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Bordes founded the Schola Cantorum, "a kind of second and more modern Conservatoire," which, starting with twenty-one pupils, now has more than three hundred. There are branches in ten other cities, and one of the functions of the institution is to issue fine editions of old works and new. The aim of the Schola is, in the words of D'Indy, to continue and apply Franck's method of teaching.

Vincent d'Indy is not an idolater; he does not believe that everything his master composed was noble and perfect. He divides his career into three periods (every respectable composer must apparently have three periods in his evolution, just as every decent sonata must have four movements), and admits frankly that the works of the first period are inferior to the later ones, the pianoforte pieces, *e. g.*, being all written on a single plan and "rendered monotonous by the entire lack of modulation." He admits, further, that Franck's sacred music is inferior to his other works. But the operas, also, are of no great value as operas; they are, "to tell the truth, less dramatic than his oratorios." It is chiefly for the works of the third period that the author claims preëminence, and among these he singles out the quartet in D major, the chorales of 1890, and "The Beatitudes," to which he devotes pages of admiring analysis.

These are certainly the best of Franck's compositions; but, to be as frank as D'Indy, we think they do not establish his claim to a place among the immortals. They doubtless do avoid for the most part, as claimed, the Wagnerian influence which, for some years, threatened to paralyze national creative effort in France as in other countries; they betray the influence of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, and some other old masters; but they lack almost entirely that which alone can give lasting life to music—original, individual melody; and because of this lack the world will never welcome these works in concert programmes and rank them among the masterpieces. Nearly all of Franck's works are dull and dry, and the attempt to foist them on the public will only help to deplete the concert-halls.

One regrets to have to say this, for Franck was so exemplary as man and musician that it would be a comfort to write nothing but praise of him. D'Indy's chapters on his personality and habits may be read with pleasure and profit even by those whom his music bores because its scholarship is unleavened by inspiration. There is pathos in the story of the hard work he was forced to carry on for a living. All day he was obliged to give lessons, and he could find time for composing only by rising before six o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he would jump up in the midst of a lesson and write down in a corner of the room a few bars that had come into his head and that he feared he might forget. He was famous as an organist and noted especially for his improvisations. Most extraordinary was his method of obtaining the themes for his compositions. He required some excitant, and that excitant was—noise! Often his pupils found him pounding away on the piano in a jerky and continually increasing fortissimo the overture to "Die Meistersinger," or something by Bach, Beethoven, or Schumann. After a time the deafening noise sank to a murmur, then silence—"the master had found his idea."

It is announced that in all probability Andreas Dippel will retire from the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, in this city, on May 1, and that the programme for next season will be exclusively under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Mr. Dippel will probably become impresario of the new opera in Chicago.

Art.

THE PAINTING OF SOROLLA.

As a permanent memorial of the Sorolla exhibition, the Hispanic Society has reprinted eight of the chief appreciations of this conquering painter of sunlight, adding also the tributes of the press, and what is more welcome a complete catalogue of the show illustrated by 350 halftone cuts.* This record of an unexampled popular and critical enthusiasm, has evident documentary value. The future may take it very seriously as a literary and psychological curiosity. To the present writer it is a disconcerting chorus of praise for a kind of work that he cannot believe has enduring stuff in it. One may agree with everything that is said about Sorolla's athleticism of the brush, and ready command of the primary colors, one may accept his gusto without cavil, and yet question whether the zeal that took nearly 160,000 people to see his pictures had much to do with the more permanent qualities of art.

Since the critics in this volume have done full justice to his extraordinary powers, we feel the freer to point out his obvious limitations. A lack of reflective quality in his work has been generally admitted, but the implications of this criticism have not been fully drawn. Keen as is his vision and amazing as is his executive talent, they both have a kind of commonness. These canvases, upon which, in the words of his pupil, Mr. Starkweather, he has made "a furious assault" in the open air, are, to begin with, casually composed. Their pictorial arrangement is either *nil* or of the most obvious sort. A great relish has gone into them, but no thought and little selection. They are random sections of a vivid and continuous panorama. He sees much as the kodak or picnicking mankind see, and that is surely the ground of his enormous popularity.

What French critic it was that said "where there is no delicacy there is no art; *Où il n' y a pas de finesse, il n'y a pas d'art*"—I do not now recall, but I am sure that the saying is just, and that its application to the work of Sorolla will be something like a condemnation. But first I must apologize for using so old-fashioned and unpopular a word as delicacy, in connection with art, or, rather, I must explain away the invidious associations of the word. The rude fret with which a rug-maker of the Caucasus adorns a border is also highly refined. With pious care the worker has tied thousands of knots under equal tension, has scrupulously followed the proper lines of the warp, has cautiously and with delicate urging pressed down successive rows of knots upon the solid pile, finally has clipped each tuft daintily that the fabric may lie even. Only through such thoughtfulness—such refinement of workmanship, let me insist—will the bold pattern come out with all the crispness of a design in mosaic. If any part of the process is shirked or abridged, the rug, for its barbaric color, may still delight a careless eye; but no collector will want it on his floor. So the early and apparently crude enamels of Limoges are really most delicate, the relation of exposed metal to vitreous color being instinctively well calculated, and the broad masses of flaming enamel being adjusted to form an harmonious whole. So is the most casual scrawl of Daumier refined. Before moving the crayon he has been sure of the feeling and the stroke. The judgment may have been instantaneous, but it is a judgment, and not a chance shot.

Because the work of Sorolla has almost nothing of this quality of judgment and reflection, it seems to me, in spite of its indisputable gusto and force, to take a rather low place as art. To the most obvious effects of motion, blazing sunlight, physiognomy even, he has willingly sacrificed all those delicacies of contour, texture, and rhythm which to a patient eye nature offers so royally. Or rather he has not sacrificed, could not sacrifice, what apparently he has not even seen. Four of his most admired pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum. One is a huddle of red oxen under the swelling sail of a stranded barque; another, three graceful girls poised in the iridescent whirl of a broken wave; still another shows a girl with her rosy form glowing under a

**Eight Essays on Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida.* By Aureliano de Beruete, Camille Mauclair, Henri Rochefort, Leonard Williams, Elizabeth Luther Cary, James Gibbons Huneker, Christian Brinton, and William E. B. Starkweather. 2 vols. in 8vo. 350 cuts. New York: The Hispanic Society of America. $7.50 net.

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diaphanous wet robe while a lad places the mantle about her shoulders; the last picture is of boys swimming frog-like in green water—a technical triumph, for neither land nor sky is admitted to explain the subject. What of these pictures? Each and all they have the radiance of our badly tied rug. On inspection the impetuosity of the workmanship is seen to be coarse and obvious, the vision that of the camera, not of the sensitive eye. The beautiful form of the nearest girl in The Bath, Javea, is marred by the rude strokes that are to mean reflected sunlight. Generally speaking, this insistence on the bleak reflection of the sun is the painter's foible, and the formula of the yellowish splotch becomes as tiresome as that of the crimson shadow. In all four of these pictures the arrangement is casual, or rather wanting entirely. The lines of breakers in the background cut the charming group in After the Bath in a way to interrupt and impair the swing of the composition. The Boys Swimming is simply a brilliant sketch. The picture of oxen hauling up a boat, despite its heroic proportions, is a snapshot. It curiously lacks the dignity and vitality that would justify the scale. The brisk and efficient facture wholly lacks style. The picture gives a thrill, and one is content never to see it again. There never will be anything more in it than one has grasped in the twinkling of a casual eye. To illustrate the possibility and value of style in such a subject, let me recall Besnard's famous canvas of two bay horses kicking off flies. Here we have the same scale and almost the same blond color scheme. But in Sorolla there is a dispersion of interest, while in Besnard there is a concentration of nervous energy that makes his restless beasts memorable and almost monumental. The Parisian has fundamental fineness of vision and a sense for economy of workmanship, while the Valencian has the genial, roving vision of every man, and either thinks not at all or paints faster than he thinks. The Bath, Javea, comes very near to being a fine picture, and fails only for lack of thought. The vigorous swirl of the broken wave has none of the lovely quality of moving water. It is as untranslucent as a breadth of watered silk. The rocks, which might have lent stability to the motive, are realized neither in the energy of their forms nor in the interest of their textures. The delightful pictorial motive of the poised bodies of these children has been actually attenuated in the working out.

"But nobody paints sunlight like Sorolla," I hear a hundred devotees exclaim indignantly. This, I think, is a misconception. He merely paints it big and paints it all the time. In actual coruscation I think Tarbell equals him; Besnard surely does. But it is time we got over the idea that it is necessarily a merit to make a picture look hot and blinding. Technically, such an accomplishment goes for what it is worth; pictorially it may come to very little. I am not wholly of the late Burne-Jones's mind that such impressionists "don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that's enough; I don't think it's very much." My regret about Señor Sorolla is that, making cubic miles of atmosphere, he seems to me to make it speciously and badly. He knows shrewdly all the short-cuts to expression. His methods are those of the scene-painter or the contriver of panoramas. But I am glad to take Sorolla's art quite on its own terms, and my regret is not that it is dazzling, but that to this minor quality have been sacrificed accuracy of atmospheric construction, fine linear quality, and general equilibrium.

Disequilibrium, in fact, is the especial characteristic of his art. Where there are several of his pictures present the eye does not rest so contentedly upon one that is loath to leave, but moves rapidly from one to another. It is like looking out of so many windows, with no reason for choosing any one. And here is not an embarrassment of riches, but simply the disorderly impression that nature makes before it has been sifted through an artist's temperament. The conditions of this painting preclude such sifting. The subject is chosen quickly and as swiftly executed. A few hours of intense labor in the open air and one of these big canvases is done. A despairing disciple is reported to have groaned: "He [Sorolla] paints as a cow eats." The compliment was just but excessive: a cow is a ruminant. Only by reflection does the artist impose fully upon outer appearances that inward harmony the possession of which is his title of nobility. If an artist has no fine individual forms and works on no instinctive geometry, then he is scarcely an artist at all, and his work, however brilliant in executive quality, becomes at bottom copyistic, purposeless, and, except as it may supply memoranda to a really creative spirit, null. When one has said that Sorolla's paintings are huge sketches one has admitted a great excellence of a small kind—their freshness and spontaneity, qualities once universal, and now rare only because painting has almost ceased to be a significant art; and one has equally denied to these brilliant improvisations all the more lasting and serious attributes.

"Why shouldn't a man make big sketches, since they evidently please him and delight us?" I hear any one of the legion that sought Sorolla at the confines of Manhattan protesting. There is, indeed, no reason why any one should not make any socially innocuous thing he likes to make and sell it for what he can get. The reasons for not making big sketches which seem to be pictures but are not, is not chiefly moral—though on that ground, too, something might be said—but æsthetic. John La Farge has somewhere stated the issue, and I paraphrase him freely from memory. The sketch is a mere transfer from reality, an episodical memorandum, an unrelated thing. We know it is a sketch from the fact that it has no bounds, but simply occurs upon the paper or canvas. If we frame it, that is a mere matter of convenience; it does not thereby become a picture. If, however, it is calculated with respect to bounds, the sheet of paper, a frame, then it is already a picture. And this is the meaning of Whistler's famous epigram that the fine work of art is finished as soon as it is begun. If what purports to be a picture is not calculated with regard to its bounds then, however robust the work or attractive the theme, it is a pretence. The maker has lightly usurped an alien glory the severe terms of which he has evaded. It is the absence of thoughtful arrangement and of real fineness of execution that makes me feel that the work of Sorolla is, in a sense, outside of art, as a certain kind of writing is outside of literature; of elocution, outside of oratory.

I could wish his method far finer, for then we should have had in his career a positive test of the value of the impressionistic attitude. As it is, his achievement, being far out of the common, is exemplary in this regard. As strenuous executant, always face to face with nature and resolutely minimizing the part of memory, that is, of accumulated individual intelligence, in his art, he has been the impressionist *à outrance* of our times. And over the Giverney school he has had the advantage of proceeding without theory or convention, as of dots, juxtaposed primary pigments, or the like. But, of course, impressionism has never rested on such formulas. It is not a procedure, but a theory of vision. The transaction by which an artist transcribes into his favorite medium the impression made by nature is required to be brief, concentrated, isolated from memory of similar transactions. Brief because nature and the impressions she causes are constantly in flux; concentrated because only so can the momentary impression be converted into the work of art; isolated because otherwise the impression becomes contaminated with alien experiences. The true impressionist theoretically should have no emotional stock-in-trade—merely the necessary executive habits. Every transaction with nature is a new beginning, though it be the twentieth sketch of the same haystack or cathedral façade. The point is to see with the innocent eye, and not let your cerebral accumulations trouble either your naïve

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vision or your unhesitating hand. Such, in brief, is the impressionist gospel. Extraneous dogmas are the sanctity of sunlight and of atmosphere. The real point is always the inhibition and total distrust of memory. Paint always before the object; paint nothing that you cannot carry off in a single impulse—these are the main precepts. Forget all previous work, including your own, is the watchword.

It is inconceivable that a habit of work and vision demanding the severest concentration, and at least half-based on inhibitions—a most disciplinary regimen, in short—should have passed for a kind of slovenly insincerity. The fact that the drawing of Manet and the painting of Monet should have been accounted merely odd, showed how much the revolt was needed. The world was truly in a state deprecated centuries before in China by a painter who bewailed the fact that people wished to see his pictures with their ears. We needed a revolution of a violent kind to restore to the eye its simple rights as first counsellor for the graphic and plastic arts.

Yet it was a hasty and false conclusion that, because painters had misused their memories, that faculty must be suspended. Indeed, the most candid impressionists would admit that such abeyance of associations was psychologically impossible. The associations of any human experience may always rise out of latency, must do so, surely, when any habitual act is accomplished. The best we can do is to practise such concentration upon the impression of the moment that relatively the allied cerebral associations are mute. The kind of hypnosis really implied in the impressionistic attitude is impossible, or, if attainable, incompatible with the accomplishment of any conscious act whatsoever. Still, roughly speaking, a high degree of impressionistic abstraction is possible, and without it one cannot become an artist worthy of the name. At bottom, waiving mere studio recipes and themes which are more or less imposed by the spirit of the time, impressionism means, and, except in periods of decadence, always has meant no more than simple loyalty to natural appearances. The arduous endeavor to make mere pigment cope with the complexity of the thing seen, the desire to make the necessary formulas correspond with reality, the renunciation of dull recipes, the purging of the eye as regards indolent, non-visual accumulations of the mind—this has been the straight and narrow way followed by every painter worthy of his salt. The luminists of to-day happen to bulk large and usurp the name and honors because they are innovators in the new themes of sunlight and atmosphere. They well deserve the credit that falls to all archaic craftsmanship, but so far as their temper and methods are not traditional, they are mostly bad.

Since impression is merely realism taken in its true and not in its sordid sense, it represents a stage through which every artist, not wholly fantastical, must pass. To stay in the impressionistic stage is wilfully to dwarf one's self; the only worse thing would be to leave it never to return. Through grappling with nature and life the personality is constantly enriched, and its spoils from experience are unconsciously transformed into patterns akin to the man. Memory is sifting and fining the mass, rejecting here, confirming there. After a time immediate visual experience becomes less valuable for its own sake, being in a manner repetition, than as a stimulus which concentrates this garnered experience upon a given occasion. Necessarily, the pouring of the visual wisdom of a lifetime into a pictorial composition is a rather delicate process, and cannot be hurried. Here dispositions and abilities differ greatly, but, in general, one may say that we hardly know of any great work that has not been incubated deliberately. Misapprehensions have obscured this obvious truth. We talk as if Velasquez painted a masterpiece in a matter of a few hours. We forget that all his great compositions show numerous corrections, that the incredibly delicate texture of his flesh simply cannot be achieved in a single painting, and we forget also to reckon in his thinking before he set brush to canvas. Unquestionably, Monet's Haystacks and Cathedrals and Water Lilies are delightful things, and were painted as the impressionistic law demands, each picture in a few hours' time. But Monet had the steadying effect of a fixed scientific formula, and those enchanting pictures of the Thames which represent his apogee give every indication of being done slowly, thoughtfully, and largely in the studio. In short, the wise artist learns to bring the whole man—and the most and better part of man is memory—to bear. Any other policy is as false economy as to paint with tied hands or wearing colored goggles. If the artist who has not grown out of impressionism into self-reliance falls short of the stature of a complete æsthetic personality, he who has or thinks he has outgrown the need of direct and tonic contact with nature is in peril of fatty degeneration. The ability to command at will the innocence of the eye is to success in art what the capacity to be as a little child is to perfection in Christian character. It is because Señor Sorolla has complacently remained at the stage of trilling scales and astounding arpeggios while the symphonies are waiting to be composed that I must regard him as a virtuoso rather odd and diverting than really worth while.

"Why don't you out with it and say you don't like his painting?" I hear the indignant enthusiast cry. Because I do like his painting. I get from it the keen thrill that a brass band or a deep baritone declaiming the "Holy City" never fails to produce in my eminently sympathetic sensorium. Such impressions have their value, but I do not need to seek them: they frequently come my way. That I have rarely heard quite so fine a polychromatic brass band as that of Señor Sorolla I gladly admit; but I still prefer the orchestra, or even a more tenuous music, that may hint at heights and depths within a life.

"At least he is a consummate technician." For twenty years I have been familiar with his work, and I cannot see in his bravura the signs of the finest execution. It is wonderfully telling which is quite a different matter. Its emphasis is adjusted not to the fine, but to the ordinary eye. The structure of many of these pictures is as vague as their arrangement. A superficial and certainly skilful application of accents takes the place of real draughtsmanship. Everything is a shimmer and an arabesque which have rather slight relations either with the character of the objects or with their atmospheric values. Here we must take issue with most of the writers in this volume. Sorolla has invented a brilliant short-hand which almost attains illusion, but his is emphatically not the vision nor the patience to seize those subtle variations of luminosity by which objects appear nearer or farther. To replace such study he has a whole bagful of vivacious expedients. What does it mean to a painter that many of the pictures and nearly all the sketches simply are disintegrated when transcribed in half-tone cuts of fair execution? Why merely that the values are all false. A little clever handling of the edges of the planes, here and there a dash of inorganic red, or yellow, or blue—such arbitrary oppositions will to a careless eye give a sense of structure where it really is not.

It may seem that I have left rather little of what criticism has regarded as a first rate talent, and that such isolated scepticism requires a fuller substantiation. Well, I have given my reasons, and some of the pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum and the Hispanic Society to prove me right or wrong. Furthermore, a good deal is left even with the proposed reservations, quite enough to account both for the critical and popular vogue of Sorolla. For the motion of things, the dynamic of water, earth, and the figure he has an extraordinary sense. His relish in the energy of appearances is his most winning quality, and were his vision finer and his hand more restrained, this quality might readily lift him to real greatness. As it is, he attains merely the *ad captandum* facility of certain orators

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and poets who manage to be uncommonly well adjusted to the common likings.

The joy of life and of the open is strong in the man. To him we owe rare glimpses of sun-soaked strands, we should never otherwise see, of lithe wet figures glistening in the dazzling radiance, of proudly swelling sails saturated with sunshine. These are pleasant things, and for bringing them to our doors we are grateful to the Hispanic Society, and to Señor Sorolla. But subjects and facility and bravura and naïve joy of life all pass, while art remains; and the artists who come to meet us we naturally love more dearly than those that require us to come, perhaps through difficulties, to them. The future historian of the psychology of the throng will marvel that a New York before whom Besnard and Zorn had been brought, which boasted, itself, an Alden Weir and a Childe Hassam, which knew the work of the consummate technician Tarbell, put itself to sheer physical discomfort to get a passing glimpse of the paintings of Sorolla. Since the handsome volumes published by the Hispanic Society will explain the phenomenon only in part, I have been at the possibly unwarranted pains of writing these ungracious paragraphs for a future history of taste.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIE'S.

That useful manual, "Art Prices Current," brings the record of all prices attained last winter at Christie's historic auction room. A slight perusal of the lists shows either that there is something wrong with the prices which collectors pay in this country, or something odd about the pictures that are auctioned in London. Both theories, perhaps, have something to commend them, as a few statistics will show.

Last season English landscape robbed the early portrait school of its long supremacy. A dozen Turners were sold. The Burning of the Parliament Buildings, 1834, brought the highest price of the year, £13,125, while Cowes Castle fetched £6,825. The second honors fell to Constable's last picture, Arundel Mills and Castle, at £8,820. In contrast with these figures are the paltry sums attained by the precursors, Crome, twenty sales, and Richard Wilson, twenty-three. Probably only poor and dubious examples were forthcoming.

By virtue of the sale of a Descent from the Cross by Rembrandt at £8,190, the old masters lead the eighteenth-century portrait manufacturers. But with this brilliant exception the old masters are pitifully in abeyance at Christie's. No other of the sixteen Rembrandts sold reached a notable figure. In fact, the only other prices worthy of mention in this field are £5,040 for an Immaculate Conception by Murillo, £2,940 for a Nattier portrait, and £2,415 for Velasquez's familiar presentment of Queen Mariana.

Though far below the records, the English school of portraiture still is the staple of this mart. Of the thirty-seven examples of the great Sir Joshua, two handsomely passed the £5,000 mark. At the Quilter sale, Venus with Piping Boys was knocked down at £6,720, a high price for a canvas not a portrait. One is glad to find Raeburn next, and not only that, but actually for a male portrait, Sir John Sinclair, at £6,570. Eighteen Raeburns were sold, mostly at low prices. Romney and Hoppner, master and pupil, were represented by about a score of pictures each, and stand even at the top figure of £5,460. Gainsborough, certainly the most desirable of the school, appears thirty-one times in the list, but reached only £2,940. The elegant and superficial Lawrence falls far behind at £1,942. Thirty-nine pictures by him were sold. It is surprising to find the greatest of English figure painters, Hogarth, failing to bring £100. But the fifteen examples may have been poor or worse, and in any case the English are hardly up to their greatest painter.

The Barbizon school was steady and without sensational features. Millet's tiny but admirable Goose Girl, a very famous picture, fetched £5,250. A Rousseau landscape went to £4,830—a moderate price for it as things go here. Corot and Daubigny were the favorites, with twenty-five sales each, but at no prices that would look large on Fifth Avenue. The sterling landscapist Troyon sold eleven times, with a top figure of £2,677. The Pre-Raphaelite list is short but impressive. Holman Hunt's Scapegoat reached £2,940. The Bella Mano, by Rossetti, a thing in his most luscious vein, seemed worth £2,400. Frederick Walker's Bathers rose to the truly astounding figure of £3,045, but this engaging painter is the object of a cult. Burne-Jones and Watts appeared only in minor examples, and no high prices were paid.

The plight of the old masters was truly pitiful. With the exception of the few prices already noted, only a River View by Cuyp at £1,764 need be mentioned. You could have had six Correggios without going to ten pounds sterling for any of them, or four Giorgiones by straining that limit a few shillings. Of three Titians none need have cost twenty pounds. Five Holbeins would have come as cheap, or twenty Van Dycks. Below the high price of £30 five Tintorettos were sold. Goya, in five sales, did not surpass £220, though his name is shibboleth in the artistic circles of London. Even the adorable Fragonard no more than crossed the £100 mark.

The absence of the high figures paid in recent years at Christie's is perhaps more significant than the beggarly sums given for resounding names. London is the greatest picture mart of the world, and naturally, as a penalty, attracts the most trash. If one has the slightest acquaintance with the figures at private sales for the year past, it will be evident that the figures at Christie's no longer have barometrical value. Many causes have led to this change. The old masters have been either exhausted or are disposed of through other channels. England once possessed pretty nearly all the Hobbemas there were. A single example was sold at Christie's last winter, and at a base price. The fact speaks for itself. The great sales in England are no longer made in the auction-room. The dealers have so laid their lines that most works of importance must come quietly to them. Whole collections are bought, and gradually the stream that trickles through the auction room is being skimmed of its valuable flotsam. How far the occupation of Christie's by the dealers and the virtual exclusion of the private buyer have discredited that venerable institution we cannot pretend to say. Even more, perhaps, the toleration of bidding in and of factitious records has hurt the London auction business.

It is matter for congratulation that in the best New York art auction-room there is no such admixture of sheer trash as one finds in London. Our market is narrower, but the average is higher. Collectors, too, may well congratulate themselves that here they may enjoy the excitement of bidding in their proper person. The certainty, also, that an auction price really implies a sale and not simply an appraisal for future use is not to be underestimated. If Christie's is, on the plain showing of "Art Prices Current," somewhat in obscuration, it is due not merely to a turn in the business tide, but also to the winking at methods that are not permitted in our first-class auction rooms.

"The Sculpture of the Parthenon," which has been in preparation for several years, is soon to be issued by the trustees of the British Museum. The illustrations include 85 photogravure and 10 collotype plates, measuring 22 inches by 15 inches, and will portray all the known sculptures of the Parthenon. Eighteen plates are given to the principal pediment sculptures, and 234 minor fragments which are photographed on a scale of one-eighth, while the accessible metopes and 156 fragments, on a scale of one-sixth, fill fourteen plates. Sixty-three plates give thirty-four unplaced fragments, on a scale of one-fifth. The text is by A. H. Smith, the keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities of the Museum.

Worthington Whittredge, well known as a landscape painter and for many years active in art circles in this city, died on February 25 at his home in Summit, N. J. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and studied landscape and portrait painting in Cincinnati after leaving school. In 1849 he went abroad and continued his art studies in London, Paris, Antwerp, Düsseldorf, and Rome, until 1859.

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He was at one time a pupil of Andreas Achenbach. After his return to New York he opened a studio in Tenth Street, and became an associate member of the National Academy of Design. He was made a member in 1862, and was president of the Academy for the year 1875-6.

Winckworth Allan Gay, who had done some creditable work in landscape painting, died at his home in West Hingham, Mass.; on February 23, at the age of eighty-eight years. He studied under Troyon, in Paris, and in 1850 opened a studio in Boston. He had lived in Japan, China, and India.

Finance.

AFTER-PANIC SPECULATIONS.

The violent speculation which broke out last year, not only on the American stock market but on numerous American commodity markets, was described by many experienced observers as in reality an "after-panic" symptom. By this it was meant that, a year or two after a serious collapse in credit, trade, and industry, the time comes when the psychological effects of panic have worn off; when the consumer discovers that he has been economizing more than was necessary, the merchant that he has allowed his stock of goods to run very low, and the banker that he has restricted his money market operations more than he need have done. This series of discoveries is made when money rates are low because of the trade inertia, and when, as a rule, prices of merchandise are relatively cheap. The consumer, of a sudden, begins to buy. The merchant, feeling this new demand, hurriedly replenishes his exhausted stocks. The banker lays in fresh supplies of borrowed money and of investment securities.

All this means business revival and rising prices, and prices rise all the more rapidly because the speculator, seeing the trend of events, throws his own buying orders into the scale—which he can do the more easily because money is so cheap. The end of such a process, however, is that prices will go too high, business activity relax, and money itself become dear instead of cheap.

It is not in trade alone that this "after-panic boom" is invariably witnessed. Investors and speculators in securities, who have distrustfully kept their money idle since the panic, suddenly realize that their capital has grown. They look about for something to invest in. Some of them will choose high-grade bonds; but many others, as confidence increases, will insist on something with a speculative profit. It is then that the shrewd promoter, or the experienced professional speculator, appears upon the scene, and an era of public speculation is likely to follow.

We saw all this, last summer, in our American markets, and the German Stock Exchanges simultaneously reported excited public speculation in the "industrial shares." London apparently did not follow suit; but within the past two weeks, it has become the focus of interest for the speculative world. The London "outside public" is in one respect peculiar. Its speculative manias are wont to converge on novelties in the field of corporate enterprises, and on a single group of such novelties. Shares of bicycle manufacturing companies held the stage in one notable speculation of the past fifteen years; shares of hotels, in another; of breweries, in another; of African gold mines, in yet another. This time, speculation has suddenly blazed up in London in the shares of rubber-producing companies. The *Evening Post's* London correspondent thus described the episode, last Saturday:

> The movement really began three years ago, in a quiet way, on Mincing Lane, where merchants, who knew what had been done in the tea industry, devoted their attention to the expansion of rubber production, with a view to supplying increasing demands of trade. The actual speculative boom, however, did not begin until last December.
>
> There are now hardly less than two hundred companies whose shares are on the market, with an aggregate nominal capital of say twelve millions sterling. But even this capitalization does not tell the whole story, because many of the rubber shares are standing at premiums of several hundred per cent. Shares of one concern, for instance, with a par value of one pound sterling, started last year at £4½ and rose to £14½. Another concern, whose shares stood last year at 18 shillings, is now quoted at £9¾.
>
> The public is undoubtedly plunging heavily, but it is also taking up and paying for the shares. Indeed, subscription lists of new concerns rarely remain open longer than an hour.

Both the occasion and the argument which are required to start an excited public speculation appear to have been present, this season, in the shares of the rubber companies. The occasion was a plethora of idle capital in London, after two years of slackened trade activity. The argument was the old appeal to the appetite for sudden and fabulous profits, in an industrial market concerning which the public was wholly ignorant. A sort of hand-book of the rubber trade has lately gained enormous vogue in London. Its main contention is that capital devoted to planting rubber trees, on the other side of the world, will in five years be earning 33 per cent. on the investment, and in eight years 100 per cent. and upward. It is not improbable that the figures are reasonably close to the facts, in the case of a genuine investment of capital by people familiar with the business and able to give it their attention. But to dispassionate observers, it is clear enough, first, that buyers of the shares are dealing in

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things which they do not understand; secondly, that the real pioneers in the industry are using the present boom to "unload" their own shares at immensely inflated prices, and, thirdly, that a host of more or less suspicious new rubber enterprises are being hastily capitalized and dangled before the excited outside investor.

Such a situation is not new, and its outcome is not doubtful. The only point which invites either conjecture or dispute is what the occurrence of the mania at exactly this moment means, in a larger way. Probably it is merely London's duplicate to the phenomena which the conditions of the day created in Wall Street during 1909. The American speculator has not London's taste for a limited group of shares at such a time; yet, after all, it was "Steel,"-rather than the stock market as a whole, which engaged attention during the twelvemonth past. If London has to-day its literature regarding "rubber," and its extravagant ideas of net returns, Wall Street last summer had the same paraphernalia for steel. By way of precedent, it is not to be forgotten that it was in a parallel season, two years after a year of world-wide panic, reaction, and liquidation, that the English public of 1895 rushed with unprecedented fury into the newly promoted "Kaffir shares."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. Israel's Ideal, or Studies in Old Testament Theology. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Amram, D. W. The Makers of Hebrew Books in Italy. Philadelphia: J. H. Greenstone. $3 net.
Apuleius's Metamorphoses. 2 vols. Trans. by H. E. Butler. Frowde. $1 each.
Arnold, F. Attention and Interest. Macmillan. $1 net.
Bartoli, G. The Primitive Church and the Primacy of Rome. Doran Co. $1.50 net.
Brown, D. and K. The Duke's Price. Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.
Buckley, E. E. The Snare of Circumstance. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Burnham, C. L. Flutterfly. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
Downer, A. C. The Mission and Ministration of the Holy Spirit. Scribner. $3 net.
Dugmore, A. R. Camera Adventures in the African Wilds. Doubleday, Page. $6 net.
Duret, T. Manet and the French Impressionists. Trans. by J. E. C. Flitch. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Enock, C. R. The Great Pacific Coast. Scribner. $4 net.
Gayley, C. M. Idols of Education. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Gordon, B. F. Overtones: A Little Book of Verse. Chicago: Huntley Press.
Hall, A. B., and Chester, C. L. Panama and the Canal. Newson & Co. 75 cents.
Henry, O. Strictly Business. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Hibben, J. G. The Philosophy of the Enlightenment. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hicks, R. D. Stoic and Epicurean. Scribner. $1.50.
Houtin, A. A Married Priest. Trans. from the French. Boston: Sherman, French. 70 cents.
Huizinga, A. v. C. P. Belief in a Personal God. Boston: Sherman, French. 50 cents net.
In English Homes: The Internal Character, Furniture, and Adornments of Some of the Most Notable Houses of England, Depicted from Photographs Specially Taken by C. Latham. Letterpress edited and an introduction by H. A. Tipping. Scribner. $15 net.
Irvine, A. From the Bottom Up: The Life Story of Alex. Irvine. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Johnson, R. U. Saint-Gaudens: An Ode and Other Verse. Century.
Koerner, G. Memoirs. 1809-1896. Edited by T. J. McCormack. 2 vols. Cedar Rapids, Ia. Torch Press. $10.
Landis, F. The Glory of His Country. Scribner. $1.
Lee, E. M. The Story of Opera. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Lucretius on the Nature of Things. Trans. by C. Bailey. Frowde. $1 net.
Martin, H. R. The Crossways. Century. $1.50.
Mathews, S. The Social Gospel. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents net.
Maxwell, W. G. The Message of Song. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Messages from the Governors, State of New York. Comprising Executive Communications to the Legislature and Other Papers Relating to Legislation from the Organization of the First Colonial Assembly in 1683 to and including the Year 1906. Edited by C. Z. Lincoln. Vols. I to XI, incl. Albany.
Mitchell, S. Weir. The Comfort of the Hills and Other Poems. Century.
Orr, J. Revelation and Inspiration. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Ray, A. C. Over the Quicksands. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Redi, F. Experiments in the Generation of Insects. Trans. from the Italian Edition of 1688 by Mab Bigelow. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2.
Reid, J. E. Sir J. E. Millais, P. R. A. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Rexford, E. E. Indoor Gardening. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Roe, F. W. Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. 39th annual edition. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Sapir, E. Yana Texts, Together with Yana Myths. Collected by R. B. Dixon. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Publications.
Selbie, W. B. Aspects of Christ. Doran Co.
Showerman, G. With the Professor. Holt, $1.50 net.
Smith, C. E. The Facts of Faith. Boston: Sherman, French. 80 cents.
Statham, H. H. The Organ and Its Position in Musical Art. Scribner. $2 net.
Steele, M. F. American Campaigns. 2 vols. Washington: War Department.
Utah Conservation Commission, 1909—Preliminary Report. Utah: Salt Lake.
Voynich, E. L. An Interrupted Friendship. Macmillan. $1.50.
Walsh, C. M. The Doctrine of Creation. London: T. F. Unwin.
Warwick, S. A House of Lies. Second Impression. Cassell. $1.50.
Whitman, S. F. Predestined: A Novel of New York Life. Scribner. $1.50.
Woerner, W. F. The Evolution of the State Universal from an American Standpoint. Missouri Historical Society, Columbia.

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